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TO ONE WHO UNDERSTANDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY [illegible]

My little girl, last night I read
The words you wrote me ere you slept.
They touched me. Into my sad heart
A softer, gentler feeling crept.
So I have said, I have no hope,
And no ambition save for fame.
For this you pity me, and deem
Life lost, which has no nobler aim.

Well, child, and if it is, what then?
The bitter joy, the tiresome gain,
Is something to fill up one's heart;
To drown its cries, to appease its pain.
Through all of our [illegible] days
The pretty way we still must tread.
We may not die—we cannot starve—
Our [illegible] not books, not having bread.

What do we women live for?—love?
To have unfolded round our life
An ever present tenderness;
To hear a dear voice call us wife.
The tender pain of motherhood,
To feel the white, soft fingers twine
About us—baby lips meet ours.
This is our life—ours—but not mine.

God pity me—there does not live
A gentler soul than I would be
If only some heart cherished with mine;
If only love were given to me.
That being denied, I still may find
Poor compensation, scant delight,
In search for fame. Death frees us all.
[illegible] child, good night.

LOSING A LEG AND WINNING A WIFE.

A LEAF OUT OF THE DIARY OF A HOSPITAL NURSE.

We are a strange race, we dwellers in hospitals. We are called on in such abrupt and frequent alternation to weep with those that weep and to rejoice with those that rejoice, that at last we hardly know what the natural temperament of our own minds would be, if left to themselves for a week.

On the whole, however, our house is a cheerful one, and we inmates a cheerful people. For in the first place cheerfulness is a medical duty. Not, of course, an exuberant, rampant cheerfulness, but a quiet, equable flow of good spirits; always soft and somewhat subdued, so as not to overwhelm the prostrate ones, nor hurt like daylight let in suddenly on sick eyes; and flexible (if I may be allowed the term) so as to adapt itself quickly and easily to the very varied and constantly varying needs of a crowded sick-ward.

And in the second place, that very variation to which I have alluded, helps us to keep the scales of feeling turned on the cheerful side. For although from time to time we are called on to take part in very sad and solemn scenes, yet for one such we have twenty which are of a bright and joyous cast. For one patient who leaves our wards to enter the narrow house from which there is no return and the "silent land" whose mysteries are veiled and solemn, there are at least twenty who are leaving us in all the gayety and joyful gratitude of convalescence, to go to their own homes and to their rejoicing families. For one inmate who is suffering painfully and acutely, there are many the burden of whose daily song is, "Oh, nurse, I can never thank you all enough. I'm not like the same creature I was a week ago,"—or "the pain's next to nothing now, thank God. I feel I'm getting well fast." Then the varieties of character to be met with within the walls of such an institution are most amusing as well as instructive. And again it is rarely that the wards are long without some one patient blest with a natural gift of shrewd humor, who puts everything in an odd and novel light, and elicits fun from the ordinary incidents and even from the discomforts of the day. If such a one be also kind-hearted, chastening his mirth with due sympathy for his fellow-sufferers, he is an invaluable acquisition to a nurse. Indeed I have often wished that it were possible to bottle this species of patient and put him in the Dispensary among the rarest and most efficacious of the medicines stored there.

Altogether they form a wrong picture of our house of healing, who imagine them to contain only a trying monotony of suffering and sadness.

It is the time of the morning dressings, and as I pass to and fro, passing now here, now there, over sundry routine duties belonging to that hour of the day, I catch queer scraps of dormitory talk going on between these embryo doctors—the medical students—and the assistant nurses, or the patients.

Here a young dresser comes up, apparently rather in a hurry to get through his work and be off. He is a bright, gentlemanly young fellow, little more than a boy, but very deft with his surgical work, fond of it, kind to his cases, pleasant-tempered, and withal a little imperious. Two collected nurses, anxious to be civil, run to get his lint and water for him.

"How's the case at the top of the ward?" he asks of nobody in particular, as he tears and sops his lint.

"The House-Governor's come back, sir—he'll be round the wards to-day," says nurse No. 1, who is of an inattentive and incoherent turn of mind.

"He's gone delirious, sir," says slow and steady nurse No. 2, faithfully intent upon answering young Mr. Forbes's question.

"Dear me," says Forbes, very naturally tacking the delirium on to the House-Governor, "gone delirious, nurse! Surely he'll never come round the wards in that state?"

"Quite lost, sir," gravely pursues nurse No. 2, thinking only of the case and ignoring the House-Governor, "snatched off all his bed clothes and threw them into the middle of the floor this morning."

"He says he'd be better, sir, if you'd order him another pint of porter," chimes in No. 1, quitting her own subject and taking up with that of No. 2.

"Order—the House-Governor—a pint of porter," says Forbes, with the slow emphasis of utter amazement. If she had said that the Prince of Wales would be obliged to him for his next pair of old boots, the incongruity and irreverence of the thing would hardly have struck him as being greater. Then pausing, he all at once lights on a solution of the absurd enigma. "I tell you what it is, nurse," he exclaims, with a burst of sudden anger, which electrifies the civil and innocent assistants, "if you're insolent to me I'll report you."

The entanglement at this point becomes hopeless, and my occupation taking me to a distant part of the room, I pass on and leave them to it.

There a little knot of young men are setting a dislocated clavicle—not a particularly easy job. To it have come Mr. Steele, the recently appointed House Surgeon, with the two dressers for the week, and a couple of other students. And one might almost forecast their future careers from the characteristic differences they display in doing this small piece of business. Mr. Steele, quick, clever, irritable and anxious, is wrapt up in his work, and painfully impatient of failure. When he does not at once succeed and is a little losing his temper, he instantly attributes his own fault to the patient. "Confounded temper the man has," he mutters; "will put his arm the wrong way." Then he pulls up, makes a violent effort to regain the reins of his run-away temper, and says, frankly, "I'm getting rather hot over it."

"No good to be hot over anything," says Ampleford, in his broad country accent, as he looks serenely down upon the proceedings from that terrible height of his—six feet three, at least—his two hands in his pockets, and, as usual, perfectly imperturbed and imperturbable. Little recks he that yesterday the best and mildest surgeon on the hospital staff was compelled to single him out before the whole mass of his fellow students with the severe reproof, "Mr. Ampleford, you do your work—when you condescend to do it at all—in the most slovenly manner imaginable. Your dressings are a disgrace to the hospital, sir." Little recks he; he utterly lacks that most needful "capacity for taking trouble." The consequence whereof will be that trouble will "take" him, in a different and not a pleasant sense; and he will be leading a wretched, grub-like life as the parish doctor of an obscure country village. Notably failing in his cases, trusted by no one, respected by no one, he will hardly earn butter to his bread, or a tidy coat in the pockets of which to hide his useless hands.

"No good to be hot over anything," says he. "You're always in a fret and a fume, Steele."

As for the anxious Steele, he will "fret and fume" himself into an excellent and increasing practice; and while making many enemies by his sharp, hasty temper, will make yet more friends by the conscientious exercise of his great abilities.

But of all that little knot gathered round the dislocated clavicle, the one who is destined to rise to the surest and highest eminence is that quiet, silent young man, with a slight, undersized body and a large head; a timid, shy manner, like a frightened hare, and a voice so low that the clever remarks he from time to time makes are heard only by his next-door neighbor; with fine, large, observant eyes, half hidden behind spectacles, and thin, muscular fingers, white and slender enough almost for a woman's, only a hundred times more strong. This one's heart is thoroughly in his work; he never misses a case, never slurs a dressing, never loses his temper, and never fails to be close to the chief surgeon's elbow when anything good is going on. In due time the world will look up to that timid, shy and rather awkward student as one of the leading physicians of the day.

As I stand meditating over all this, a quick step comes up along the ward—the surgeon who operated some days since on a man's leg coming to see his case. A keen though kindly face he has, a clear and rapid mode of speech, a quick but never hurried manner, a certain promptness, decision and self-possession even in his trivial actions.

"How's my man?" he asked of the head nurse, without abating his business-like stride.

"Not so well as he should be," is the answer. "He has something on his mind that worries him, I am afraid."

"Something on his mind," echoed the surgeon sharply. "It must be taken off, then, or else my leg won't get well."

The mind, you will remark, is allowed to be the man's, but the leg is the surgeon's, his own private property, and he speaks in a tone of resentment as if the patient in keeping anything on his mind were willfully injuring that property. Moreover a certain incisiveness in his voice suggests the notion that he means to attempt its removal by some means as sharp and vigorous as those by which he lately removed the injured leg. But this is only an outside crust of manner, which softening instantly at the bedside, shows a kind and amply feeling heart within. Indeed few hospital patients failed to be won by the genuine sympathy and frank friendliness—friendliness without a touch of condescension—of that surgeon's eye and tone, as his hand would be laid lightly on the patient's shoulder while his pleasant voice would say, "Well, you feel getting better to-day, don't you?" or, as the case might be, "Not so well today, are you? Out of heart, and fancy you're going wrong. Nothing of the sort. Let me hear all about it."

His patient on this occasion was a square-built good-looking young fellow of some six or seven and twenty years of age. A thoroughly sound and healthy subject for a capital operation; and he had seemed at first to bear it as well as possible. I am speaking of constitutional bearing; as for courage, doubtless he had plenty of it, but with chloroform at the time and morphia afterwards, it had not been severely tested. But now, some days had passed, and he was by no means improving to the degree that the state of the limb would lead one to expect. He was depressed yet restless, feverish, gloomy and irritable. Much of this might be accounted for by the fact of a young man, in the prime of his days, finding himself suddenly made a helpless cripple. But several little incidents led me to guess at some deeper cause of trouble, although I had not yet been able to penetrate his gloomy reserve. I noticed that at night when he grew confused and wandering, as operation cases often do even when progressing favorably, he was for ever muttering and rambling on about "Jessie" and also about a certain "Dick Hall," whom he mentioned in connection with language more remarkable for vigor than for propriety or politeness.

Moreover, I remarked that every evening when I read that beautiful and heart-softening confession—with which I always commenced our short evening prayer in each ward—the confession in which we are taught to say to our "merciful Father" that "we have erred and strayed from his ways like lost sheep," and "followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts," George Dilworth drew the blue-checked coverlet of his bed closely over his face; and more than once, (my little bookstand and kneeling-stool happening to be placed near to his bed,) I heard a stifled sob come from him. Still I failed to win his confidence. However touched he might be during evening prayer, by the time it was concluded and I came round with the sleeping draughts, he was hard, gloomy, abrupt, and barely civil—poor fellow!—as before.

But where I failed, Mr. P—— found the way to succeed. How, I know not. For, having finished his surgical work with the leg, and scrawled a number of formidable-looking hieroglyphics on the patient's board for the guidance of the dispenser, he sat down on the bed-side and began to chat to Dilworth; whereupon I, feeling that the young man was more likely to be open with one than with two, made a pretence of having something to do at a little distance while they conversed. Presently the surgeon recalled me.

"Dilworth has a long story to tell you, if you'll be good enough to listen to it," he said to me; then turning to the patient, he added: "You make a friend of this lady, Dilworth. She'll manage 'Jessie' better than either you or I, I'll be bound. Good-bye."

And so George Dilworth told me his story. Not all at once—for he got excited over it, and had to be stopped and bid to rest and keep quiet at times—but bit by bit. I tell it partly in my own words, since it dropped from the sick man in such piecemeal fashion as his weakness and my opportunities allowed.

He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—a relationship about which there always dwells a certain simple pathos. And she was in many respects, as I afterwards found on closer acquaintance, a grand and pathetic old woman. But withal she had been somewhat mismatched in the relationships of her life. She had been too strong and stern for her weak, ne'er-do-weel husband; she had lost two [illegible] and [illegible] boys; [illegible] were living, but they were [illegible] where they should have [illegible] her the [illegible] and the [illegible] of [illegible] affection, which was in the first instance caused by that very [illegible]. She was living in what [illegible] and "a violent strain." [illegible] failure on her part in the [illegible] of humility and [illegible], yet she was in the main a good and noble woman. With her dwelt Jessie [illegible], a young orphan cousin, [illegible] almost [illegible] as a daughter, [illegible] so very [illegible] that I [illegible] to unravel it without [illegible]. Being pretty, young—about four years younger than George—and constantly thrown into his society, of course they fell in love. It was [illegible] a long courtship, since they performed the above little feat at the [illegible] ages of fifteen and nineteen. But at length, after years of [illegible] waiting, the wedding-day was fixed,—and the very day which had been chosen was that on which Dilworth had had his leg shattered.

"So, then," said I, "the accident stopped the wedding? Well, that was enough to make you downhearted."

"Oh no, m'm. 'Twasn't the accident stopped it. That 'ud be little enough to bear. It were stopped long after that, and all along of my own fault. We'd chosen that day months and months ago, because you see as how it was mother's birthday. We'd be married come mother's next birthday, we'd been sayin' all the year,—for Jessie she calls her 'mother' as I do. And she's need, for she's been a good mother to her,—[illegible], and to me too. I [illegible] how that I shall never see her again. But as for Jessie and me, we've had no thoughts o' marriage atween us for this last three months."

He paused gloomily.

"What, did Jessie break it off after all these years?"

"No, 'tweren't Jessie," he burst forth. "She weren't never such a —— fool."

"Gently, Dilworth, please. Those strong words don't do any good."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the poor fellow, subdued and quiet again in a moment. "I knows it's wrong,—'specially before a lady. But I'm that mad with myself I don't know what I say."

"I know you are. Never mind. Go on and tell me how it all fell out wrongly about this business of yours that looked so smooth."

"Well, m'm, I wouldn't like to seem to complain of my mother, for she's been a good mother to me, as I was sayin' just now, and to Jessie too. And she's fended for us bravely many a year, when my father weren't doin' nothin', except making poor mother's heart ache and wasting the farm and the little bit o' money we had. But still she was desperate over-particular, and she set her face that harshly agen Dick Hall that I took fire at it."

"Dick Hall was a particular friend of yours?"

"Yes, m'm, he was my mate at work, and a good-hearted chap too. But he was a bad friend after all to me, and I don't say but what mother wasn't in the right of it about him if she'd not ha' been so sharp on it. And Dick he made the worst of it,—I do think as how he offended her o' purpose sometimes. And he worked round me to make me think mother harder than I should ha' thought her if he'd not jawed so about it. But Dick was one of those fellows that have nothin' in 'em but larking."

"Not a good style of man, Dilworth," said I. "A little larking is all very good and natural in young people of either sex. But when either man or girl has got 'nothing in them but larking,' they are not good for much. Such a man will generally have very little feeling, and not much principle. Even your mother's great strictness and gravity is better, though I quite grant that it may be overdone on that side, too."

"I see that, m'm, now the mischief's done," said Dilworth. "Hall got me into trouble before I'd done with him. He got me into a precious bad lot. We got gambling, and drinking, and doing things not fit for your ears, m'm. And they heard of it at last at home. And then mother scolded in her awful gloomy way. And I thought Jessie did not stick up for me as she ought to ha' done. And Hall kept talking at me all the while—'how could I put up with being ruled by two women at my time o' life?'" He paused, and then finished up hurriedly, in a tone which was sullen with shame and sadness. "So I went off and took up with another girl out o' spite,—a flaunting thing that I didn't care for a bit. And so I've lost Jessie for ever and a day, and I shall never see her nor my mother more,—the two best women God Almighty ever made! And I haven't even got the other girl, for she's off with me, now my leg's gone. 'She'd not come and see a one-legged cripple!' she sent me word."

"Was that she who came to see you the first visiting day you were here?" I asked, remembering to have seen a decidedly "flaunting" young woman on that occasion standing by Dilworth's bed.

"No, m'm, not she. She'd not come anigh the place. 'Twas her sister come with her message that I told you of."

"I HAVE SINNED," SHE REPEATED SEVERAL TIMES, BY HER SON'S BEDSIDE.

There was a little pause in our talk. Then I asked him whether, as it was just a foolish bit of [illegible] she would forgive him.

[illegible] nobody can't forgive [illegible] she'll not have me now."

"Oh, you've asked her?"

"No," he emphatically said. "I'm not the brazen fellow to do that after all that's come and gone. But I *know* she'd not have me. No girl could forgive what I've done. Mr. P——, he's a real, kind, clever gentleman, he is—he thinks as how you can manage it with her, m'm. But, no offence to you, m'm, 'tain't in anybody's power to get a girl to forgive things like that."

"I agree with you, Dilworth. It isn't in anybody's power. But, sometimes it is in the power of a good girl's own true, kind heart, when she sees that there is real sorrow for what has been amiss. Will you give me permission to tell her you're here, and to put things before her in my own way, and to ask her to come and see me?"

"Oh, yes, you can tell her, m'm," said Dilworth, not over gratefully because not over hopefully. But I could see now more clearly, what I had guessed all along, that there was true sterling worth in the young man, and that his *faults* and their consequences, which had made him at first so impenetrable and surly, had produced that effect simply because remorseful shame was so working in his mind that he could never forget the bitter lesson as long as he lived.

That evening I wrote a long letter to Jessie Freeman, enclosing a slip of paper which would enable her to pass into the hospital at any hour of any day. And the next morning but one brought a visitor for Dilworth. I happened to be busy poultice-making when she came in, and stooping over the table, spatula in hand, and half hidden by two huge jars of linseed meal and charcoal, I gained a good view of the new-comer's face whilst myself unnoticed. "A good woman, that was the mental summary I made, after running over the various points of face and figure. Beautiful too, but the beauty was outshone by the goodness, as moonlight is merged in sunlight, and no longer perceived though still there. So Jessie Freeman, though very pretty, and, as I afterwards found, clever, was emphatically and above all, that rare and lovely thing—a good woman. Truth in the clear, soft brown eyes; modesty in the quiet, graceful bearing of the girlish figure and small head; firmness and fortitude in the curved and dimple chin; sweet temper and sense in the broad, low, forehead and sensitive mouth. That the rich masses of smoothly braided hair were of glossy texture and sunny brown hue, that the slightly embrowned skin glowed with the soft flush and clearness of youth and health, that the light foot and ankle were small and neatly turned, were items of very minor importance after these first cardinal points had been made out.

I was glad that, under the pretext of shielding Dilworth from an imaginary draught, I had caused a light screen to be placed on the off-side of his bed, so as to give him the option, by drawing his curtain up to the said screen, of making for himself and his visitor quite a private little nook unscanned by any curious eyes from other beds; for I could see that Jessie was trembling with excitement, flushed with joy, almost tearful with sadness, and ready, on the slightest extra provocation, to lose the self-control which was already trembling in the balance under the pressure of highly-wrought and conflicting emotions. From the face of hers it was plain that the interview would end all rightly for Dilworth, so with a few quiet words of welcome, I led her at once behind the screen and there left her.

It was about two hours before I interrupted them. Then I found her sitting close to George's bedside, her hand firmly clasped in his, and both of them looking radiantly happy, though I could see that poor little Jessie had been crying abundantly, as we foolish women do, alike when we are [illegible] happy or extremely sad.

"And so you see, ma'am," said Dilworth, with a happy flush on his face, that was no longer sullen but frank and open, "she's taken me again and it's all right."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Jessie, with a pretty little air between frankness and archness, "and I don't know as I could have brought my pride to it if it had not been for his leg. One couldn't say 'no,' to a poor, sick, maimed lad, as he is now."

"So, Jessie," observed I, "the lost leg brought him back to you,—and the lost leg brought you back to him. Why, Dilworth, you'll hardly think it a calamity after this."

"I was just thinking of that, m'm, before you spoke," replied he, gravely; "and as I lay here with my dear lass's hand in mine once more, forgiven by her, and—as one may say—in my right mind again, I was trying in a way to thank God for that very thing. Though a lost leg does seem a strange mercy to be given thanks for. But I shouldn't have had my lass here back again,—no, mayhap never,—nor been fit to come nigh her neither, if I'd ha' gone on as I was agoing without anything to pull me up. And my Jessie, m'm, she's worth a leg any day.—And," he added, flushing up slightly from that reserve which so many men feel in saying anything about their personal feelings, especially their religious feelings, "if you'd please, ma'am, to put the extra bit in the thanksgiving for me this evening when you read prayers, I'd be glad. You can say my name out full, if you please, ma'am, for I didn't ought to be ashamed to own it, when the Almighty's been so good to me."

"I will take care and remember, Dilworth," promised I.

"And oh, ma'am," began Jessie, "however can I thank you,—can we thank you enough for nursing of him as you've done, sittin' up o' night, and"—how many more of my shining virtues were going to be recited I do not know. I believe the grateful girl in her great gladness clothed all of us Hospital workers with attributes little short of angelic. But I interrupted her, for I was anxious to close the interview, which was getting too much for the invalid, and I thought they had both had quite enough of excited, emotional feeling.

"Nonsense," was my unfeeling reply; "I have only done my duty by him,—and he was a good case. And now, Miss Jessie, you'll just be good enough to put up your traps and take yourself off without any more last words. My patient is getting as feverish and excited as can be, and I shall have him awake all night [illegible] To-morrow morning, and bring a clean apron [illegible] And I'll show [illegible] I shall have George moved [illegible] and you may stop and have a bit of dinner with him if you like. But be off now. [illegible] body dares to disobey her."

Jessie and Dilworth both laughed, but she made haste nevertheless to put on her shawl and bonnet, and bade him a brief good-bye.

The next morning saw Jessie early in the hospital, and with her George's mother. A kind of proud grief and stern joy struggled for the mastery on the old woman's face—a face so like Dilworth's that I should have known her anywhere for his mother, and only wanting the son's light-hearted mobility and brightness of feature, which, now that he had regained Jessie, shone out again as conspicuous characteristics. A square, firm-set face was the mother's, which would have been hard and gloomy but for the lustrous, passionate, dark eyes that shone forth from under her thick gray eyebrows. The face of a woman stern by nature, made sterner by her long, lonely battle with poverty and grief, and only redeemed from absolute hardness by the reality and intensity of her affections, religious and human.

"I have sinned," she repeated several times, as she sat during that long, warm summer afternoon by her son's bedside.

"Dear mother! what do you mean?" said George, soothingly. He was evidently much attached to his mother, although manifesting a certain reserve towards her.

"I provoked you to wrath, George," answered the old woman, severely; but the severity was for herself now, not for him. "I made you go wrong. I, that was bound to train you up in the way you should go."

"You trained me up just a thought too tight, dear mother," observed George, with a quaintness that made Jessie and myself smile. But the mother's gravity was unmoved. She was bent on a full and thorough self-condemnation.

"I've lived sixty-two years in the world," she said, "and I've looked for my lad through a sight o' trouble—"

"Aye, that you have, mother," interposed George, with graceful emphasis.

"And at the end of it all I've been his ruin. Near ruined his soul, and sore hurt his body. It's just been through my pride and hardness that all this has come about."

"No, no, mother. You shan't say that," again interrupted the son, eagerly. "'Twere my fault a deal more than yours. You've been a good mother to me."

"No, lad," resumed the mother, inexorably, "I was the eldest, and the one who was 'sponsible for yer. If you'd had a mother after the make o' Jessie here, you'd not ha' gone wrong.—Don't interrupt me, Jessie.—It's right I should say it. The Bible says, 'Honor to whom honor is due.' George and I, we've both been wrong,—I most. George he was wilful, and, poor boy, he's broke his leg and had to lose it. And I've been proud and hard, and so God has just taken my pride and broken it too, like George's leg. He's made me see that this slip of a girl here, whom I nursed before ever she could lisp a word, is a better woman than I, and will be a safer stay and support for my own boy than ever his hard old mother was. And so, Jessie, girl, you take him with his mother's blessing, and I'll stand by while you learn me to be humble and meek. And now, children, we'll talk o' somethin' else," she concluded, with a certain imperative and not ungraceful dignity which effectually enforced the brief command, and precluded all reply. It was very certain that the humility was deep and true, though it was at present somewhat bitter. And I think we all regarded the old woman after that hard-wrung confession with a tenderness and a reverence which nothing else would have won from us with such deep and lasting sincerity.

About six months from that day they were married, and not long after I paid them a visit in their new home. Jessie was doing famously with her dressmaking. The mother lived, not with them, but very close at hand; as devoted to her son as ever, and much softened by recent events. George was bidding fair to become a successful shoemaker, and was steady, blithe, and contented. A shade of solicitude mingled with his affectionate attentions to his wife, as if he had it ever on his mind to try and make up to her for his former conduct, and to induce her to forget the past. As for Jessie, her sweet, forgiving temper seemed to find no difficulty at all in doing this. They were all united and happy; Jessie not the least happy of the group, and she said so openly in her frank, glad way.

"Indeed and we *are* happy," responded Dilworth, earnestly, "and it's all along o' Jessie, ma'am," he added, with a grateful nod towards his wife.

"I think you're right, Dilworth," said I; "I remember your telling me in the hospital that she would be worth a leg to you."

"Aye, indeed, and I weren't a bit mistaken," he replied with energy; "and if I had to choose between losing the other one too or losing Jess, I'd off with the leg to-morrow. She's worth the pair of 'em, she is, and no mistake."

"Her price is far above rubies." It was after all the same idea expressed in the homely phrase of an English working man, which the inspired King Lemuel had long ago recorded in poetic, Eastern diction, worthy of that grand old book in whose histories good women play no inconsiderable part.

F. G. Wilson.

The Crop of Potatoes.—Two months ago there was considerable apprehension, in consequence of the then prevailing drought, that the potato crop would be a failure; and in consequence of this apprehension the price of the tuber rose to a higher figure than ever before remembered. The timely and copious rains of September, however, changed the prospect into one of hope and encouragement, and to a degree as to remove every doubt of a full and ample yield and of an excellent quality. And this is not confined to New England, the great potato-producing region, but includes New York, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, &c. The result of this favorable turn will be of great importance to a very large class of people, who will be enabled to supply themselves with this what would appear to be—rather than what is really is—necessary article of food, at a price not higher than last year, and probably not so high.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ The best kind of agricultural fairs—Farmers' daughters.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER [illegible], 1864.

THE COMING YEAR.

In order to give plenty of time to those desirous of making up Clubs for The Post, as well as for The Lady's Friend, we insert the Prospectus [illegible] in the present number. [illegible] Wheeler & Wilson's No. 2, the same [illegible] so that hereafter [illegible] from forty-five to fifty-five dollars.

In making up the Clubs, some may prefer taking the paper, some the magazine, while others may take both. Thus, in a club of forty, there may be twenty subscribers to The Post, and twenty to The Lady's Friend—it matters not [illegible] so there be forty subscribers in all, with the one hundred dollars. Upon the receipt of the names and money, or of the money alone, we will send the sewing machine.

We prefer that all the subscribers to the sewing machine clubs should be obtained at the regular price of $2.50. In case they are obtained at a lower rate, the balance of course must be made up out of the pocket of the person who wishes to procure the machine.

One word that applies to all Clubs. Begin to get them up *at once*. By leaving it too late, the persons you rely upon to fill your lists, are procured by others who are more active. In this as in many other things, the old proverb holds true, "The early bird catches the worm." And we trust to have the pleasure of receiving a great many clubs this year, and of forwarding a large number of Posts, Lady's Friends, and Sewing Machines as Premiums to those who get them up.

OBITUARY VERSES.

There is a great deal of poetical talent in this city, as is evident from the obituary column of the *Public Ledger*. No paper in the country, daily or weekly, can even begin to compare with the *Ledger* in this respect. And occasionally, amid the "effusions," which we are compelled to confess are generally a little, a very little commonplace, we note efforts of a stamp decidedly original and peculiar. Let us quote first a few of the more ordinary efforts of the sorrow-stricken muse, which we detach from the accompanying notices. Here is one which is often repeated:—

Dearest mother, hast thou left us?
Can we see thee here no more?
Hast thou left this world of sorrow,
For that bright and shining shore?

Or, varied and amplified:—

Dearest mother, thou hast left us,
Can we see thee here no more?
Hast thou left this world of sorrow
For that bright and shining shore?
Thou hast went to meet thy father,
And there with angels to dwell;
No more on earth we'll see thee, darling,
But we may soon meet thee there.

It must be admitted that the last rhyme is a little limping, but such things will occur in hasty efforts. The sentiment, however, of these verses is always good, and generally orthodox. We quote again:—

Death has claimed our little Johnny,
Set his seal upon his brow,
And his face, that shone so brightly,
Shines in Heaven, with Jesus now.
My dear little Johnny, farewell;
Johnny sleeps in Jesus.

Farewell, dear friend, alas, farewell,
The pain I feel no tongue can tell,
While you are happy with your God, I know
You have left me a mourner on earth below.

Fare thee well, sweet bud of beauty,
Little angel, fare thee well;
Thou wert too pure and lovely
On an earth like this to dwell.

Little thought we, when we parted,
That we ne'er would meet again,
But he has left us broken hearted,
And our tears are all in vain.

No wife stood beside to soothe the death fear,
Or wipe the cold dew from his brow,
No father was near him, no mother to cheer,
But he has left us to grieve for him now.

Her toil is past, her work is done,
And she is fully blest;
She fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

Death has plucked our little rose-bud,
Lo! in his cold embrace she lies;
The bud has fallen ere the spring time,
But 'tis to blossom in the skies.

And when the spring time comes again,
With buds and blooming flowers,
We will wander near our Elvira's grave,
And pass away an hour.

The loved of many hearts is gone,
The light of many eyes,
His race on earth is run,
His home's beyond the skies.

Short was his suffering time,
And wondrous his reward;
His soul has gone, unstained by crime,
To stand before the Lord.

Go, little Harry, go
A mother's heart can tell,
And none but her can fully know
How hard to say farewell.

Gone when young and full of promise;
Gone, our loving, brightest one;
Life without thee, oh, how lonely—
Farewell, darling, precious one.

And then within this coffin,
We laid thy little hand;
But thou wert so life-like,
We could not think thee dead.
We laid fresh roses round thee,
And scattered them o'er thy pall;
But thou, my precious darling,
Was the sweetest of them all.

None knew him but to love him,
[illegible] my husband gone,
A husband [illegible] kind and dear,
[illegible]
My widowed [illegible] no more will cheer?"

[illegible]

Farewell, my wife and children,
Farewell my [illegible] all so dear,
I am not dead but sleeping here;
Prepare for death for die you must,
And with your husband sleep in dust.
Dear wife and children, farewell.

The following is so good that some may be inclined to question its originality:—

On his lowly bed of suffering,
All alone they say he died;
He, my soul's most cherished idol;
Of my life, the joy and pride.
While his heart beat slower, fainter,
And his loving eyes grew dim,
Did the Angels, O my Father!
Come and minister to him?

Did they, with a love more tender
Than our human love can be,
Watch around his lonely pillow,
Guide his trembling soul to thee?
Did they, with a gentle pity,
Mark each struggling prayer and moan?
O, my yearning heart would question;
If my dear son died alone?

Died alone! O, never, never!
He who heard the raven's cry,
And who notes the falling sparrow,
Leaveth none alone to die.
Joy is in my heart, O, Father,
Torn and bleeding though it be;
For I know the holy Angels
Bore my dear son home to Thee!

The following verse, altered to suit the circumstances, is a great favorite:—

We had a little Sammy once,
He was our only pride;
We lov'd him, ah! perhaps too well,
For soon he drop't and died.

We had a little Jacob once,
He was our only pride;
We loved him, ah! perhaps too well,
For soon he sloped and died.

The following is a gem. Its claims to originality are undoubted. It may take a little thought to solve the problem it suggests, but it can be done.

From my breast another hath fled,
To increase the number of the dead;
'Tis just four weeks this very day
That my eldest took wings and flew away.

Still I am content; God's will must be done,
He taketh away, but giveth another one.
For the one that now lies so stiff and cold
Is, this very day, just four weeks old.

In four weeks, two deaths and one birth
In all, two bright angels have left this earth;
They have left me lonely and flew away,
Parted to meet no more until judgment day.

Still fare thee well, my sweet angels dear,
I would not for the world have either back here;
For now that you have gone where none can excel,
In the kingdom of heaven, with Jesus to dwell.

Pray for thy parents, for it is in thy power
To raise from this dark valley up to heaven's tower;
Where all is goodness, and the blessed doth dwell,
In that paradise, called heaven, of which Scripture doth tell.

Good bye, my little Mary Emma, fare thee well,
Thou art with thy brother, that in heaven doth dwell;
A kiss on thy cheek, and on thy lips another,
Give them to my first born—thy little brother.

How rejoiced will he feel when he sees you coming.
Methinks I can see, as towards you he is running,
With his wings of gold, so brilliantly spread,
Grasping the soul from the body now lying dead.

J. H. G.

Of course, in this era of civil war, the verses in honor of the brave soldiers of the land are neither few nor unmelodious. Of these we give the following:—

Farewell, husband and mother, farewell,
I am going home with Christ to dwell;
Prepare for death, for die you must,
And with your loved one sleep in dust.

Good bye, my brothers and sisters,
Fare thee well, land of my birth;
When you around my grave do cluster,
Let not a tear fall on the earth.

Teach my boy to love his God,
Next, to love his country, dear;
Hold up that flag given by our Lord,
Liberty, then, will have nothing to fear.

There's a blank spot in our household, a dark spot in our hearts,
For the light of our home has been called to depart;
No more will his loving smile light up our home—
For they have laid him away in the earth all alone.

But nobly he fought on that grim battle-field,
His home and his country determined to shield;
'Till Death laid his hand on that once noble head,
And he, once a soldier, now sleeps with the dead.

To hardships and sufferings he now is a stranger,
With Christ he now dwells, he is free from all danger;
For heaven is his home, along with the blest,
Where the poor, weary soldier can always find rest.

We regret that one patriotic poem, by the author of the truly original stanzas signed J. H. G., comes to us in a mutilated shape, so that we only have the last verse. This one verse, however, is sufficient to redeem it *from* the charge of being commonplace, and is as follows:—

Tell him I am living with that God;
That I have joined the angels' heavenly band.
We have Washington sitting beside our Lord,
With the Star-Spangled Banner grasped in his hand.

If that last conception is not as bold and original as it is patriotic, we know not the meaning of language.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[illegible] Bayard Taylor [illegible] of the Orient, [illegible] Lyrics, the California Ballads, the Border poems, and the Poems written within the last three years are all brought into a small and convenient compass. [illegible] fame, we think, will gain from this collected publication, [illegible]

"[illegible]"

and from these [illegible] of the California ballads we [illegible] from which each [illegible] Taylor ever could have given [illegible] variety in his song without the aid of foreign travel, we think very doubtful; but where thousands travel, only one or two are able to [illegible] to us the very spirit and [illegible] of the new air which they have breathed.

We need not refer to particular favorites of ours among these poems—for preference is apt to depend very much upon the peculiar mood in which the reader happens to be. A volume of poems should be able to satisfy many moods, and many tastes. It should have cheerful verses for the hours of gayety, and mournful ones for hours of gloom—verses which ring like a trumpet for moments of exultation, and lines which droop with tears for moments of sorrow and despair. He is the great poet whose tones can thus compass and interpret the infinite variety of the human heart.

In the smaller though very important features of rhyme and rhythm, Mr. Taylor is generally very correct; in fact, few are more so. There are certain classes of imperfect rhymes in our language which the best poets are compelled to use, simply because they would lose such beauties in discarding them as greatly overweigh the blemish. Probably few readers, even among literary men, are conscious of the extent to which such writers as Tennyson, for instance, push their privilege in this respect.

In conclusion, we warmly commend this complete edition of Mr. Taylor's poems to the notice and patronage of our readers. Let them remember that "no beautifullest poet is a bird of Paradise, sleeping on the ether with outstretched wings," and subsisting on celestial dew and flower-honey—and therefore buy his books.

The Ocean Waifs; A Story of Adventure on Land and Sea. By Captain Mayne Reid, author of "The Desert Home," &c. Illustrated. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Captain Reid gets up a capital book for boys. His skill in drawing the long-bow is almost unrivalled; and he manages to introduce a considerable amount of useful information into his entertaining works. We suppose, of course, his alleged facts are all reliable. The Captain is a little careless however sometimes, as, for instance, when he repeatedly calls a raft an "embarkation"—a use of the word which though not entirely without authority, is of very questionable propriety. Books for young people of course should be written even more carefully than those for men and women.

Gascoyne, The Sandal Wood Trader. A Tale of the Pacific. By R. M. Ballantyne, author of "The Young Fur Traders." Illustrated. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. Another book for boys, with quite an inviting aspect.

The Tiger Prince; or, Adventures in the Wilds of Abyssinia. By William Dalton. With Illustrations. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia.

Useful and Philosophical.—A new and beautiful method of lighting gas without the use of a match has been introduced by Cornelius & Baker in an improvement called an electric bracket. It is a purely scientific invention, and as useful as it is scientific. It is a neat and elegant fixture, consisting of a brass cup, lined with silk, a loosely-fitting India-rubber stopper, and an insulated copper wire coil, with a platinum point, directly over the burner. Within the stopper is placed a small piece of tin foil, to hold or store for use the electricity generated by the friction of the India rubber stopper upon the silk lining of the cup. While the cup is closed there is a complete electric current maintained, but when the gas is to be lighted the cup is lifted, the electric current is broken, and the electricity passes down the coil of wire to the burner. At the same moment the gas is turned on, and is instantly lighted. It is so beautiful and simple a mode of lighting, and so sure—for the damp weather does not affect it—besides being so entirely safe that it will undoubtedly supersede the more dangerous methods of lighting gas by means of tapers and matches.

☞ One night General ——, of Sherman's army, was out on the line, and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer that a hole could easily be put through it. Whereupon the officer, turning to the corporal in charge of the gun, said: "Corporal, do you see that light?" "Yes, sir." "Put a hole through it," ordered the captain. The corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready, he looked up and said—"Captain, that's the moon." "Don't care for that," was the captain's ready response; "put a hole through it anyhow."

☞ Ingenuity of the Sharpshooters.—The Richmond Examiner of the 7th, pays the following tribute to the skill of our Yankee sharpshooters: "Conceive a line of battle beyond a breast-work; each man squatted completely out of sight, firing over his shoulders, while, instead of exposing his head and hands to the advancing confederates, he looks away from the enemy, and narrowly examines the stock of his own gun. Two little mirrors, scientifically placed at the proper angle and attached to the stock, enable the soldier to see the sight on his barrel, and all that comes within range without exposing any part of his precious person."

☞ Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" still continues to sell immensely in England, and seems destined to be the most popular of the Laureate's works. The book is selling very well in this country, but not to so great an extent as is done on the other side. Tennyson, at last, after long years of [illegible], has got to be the fashion.

Diedrick's Victim.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ORADON.

I.

[illegible] the other time.

"Oradon," exclaimed he just now, "she is an angel."

"Who, my dear Diedrick?" asked I, [illegible].

"May Thorne, of course, the one who is dearer to me than was Laura to the Italian Laureate. Oradon, [illegible], I am too happy to live."

"Die then, while your joy is unmarred."

My friend said nothing, but he turned his beautiful dark eyes upon me pityingly, and perhaps reproachfully. Oh, reader, must I relate it! Diedrick Mosenheim, the hero of the [illegible], the prince of bachelor friends, [illegible] trinity, the [illegible] of Byron's [illegible] at wedded bliss, and the avowed [illegible] in the company of [illegible] in love, and now [illegible] in adoration at a lady's foot. [illegible] Benedicts, [illegible] hands for joy—who [illegible]? Even I narrowly escaped the whirlpool which has engulfed my poor friend, and I have hung up in the temple of Neptune [illegible] of my gratitude at my escape. Like the ancient mariner, I feel constrained to relate the tale, trusting that [illegible]—before whose [illegible] I humbly bow—will grow impatient, like the wedding guest in Coleridge's wonderful "Rime," to partake of the better fare which is spread for them in other columns of this paper.

We were at a watering place together this summer, where the ocean roared, where the people ate, rode, slept, dressed and flirted, and where the landlords and [illegible] reaped a rich harvest. We arrived at noon during the month of August; and were much gratified to find all the guests of the hotel assembled on the piazza to receive us. We immediately ran the gauntlet towards the office of the clerk, catching now and then some remarks on our personal appearance, such as:—"Who are they?" "Do they dance?" "What a fine stroke oarsman the first would make!" "What a large pipe!" "Oh, what a lovely moustache!" "Aw, I hardly think that they can be of the hop-ton; their shoes are a little too round at the toes—don't think that they would be *au fait* in the German."

Inwardly anathematizing the conceited dandy who delivered himself of the last sentence, but feeling quite complimented at the curiosity which our advent had excited among the ladies, we dressed with care for dinner, and prepared to enter with all possible zeal into the [illegible] warfare of a summer flirtation. During dinner we made a careful [illegible] of the enemy's forces. There were [illegible] blondes, and dark brunettes, [illegible] seemed to [illegible], blue eyes, black eyes, hazel eyes, grey eyes, candidates for love and matrimony; charming [illegible] and scheming mammas, all arrayed as belles bent on arraying themselves [illegible] at peace or be it at war. [illegible] in the salons of Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Baltimore; artillery roars and musketry flashes on the arena of the strife for national existence. Oh, American ladies, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, we of the sterner sex acknowledge your charms and seek in your society solace for the cares of life, we praise your loyalty, and your ministering care over our wounded and sick brothers causes our hearts to glow with gratitude and emotion, but we appeal to you not to suffer extravagance to deface your otherwise spotless escutcheon! Throw aside the jewel that glitters in your beautiful hair, tear away the coronet of pearls that girds that brow fairer than ivory, check the importation of useless luxuries, and you will then do much to restore the authority of your government over its rightful territory. This aside.

"'Pon honor," whispered Diedrick to me suddenly, "there is Haw. Thorne talking to a most beautiful specimen of a woman. See, he has recognised us."

I looked up just in time to catch the graceful nod of our mutual friend. He was a senior at college whilst Diedrick and I were yet sophomores, which awful gap in our relations according to class etiquette was filled up by the potency of the laws of a social fraternity. We had not seen him for two years, for he had been in Europe, and we knew not if the beautiful girl to whom he was talking at dinner was his sister or his betrothed. As we were strolling the balcony after the meal was finished, listening to the delightful reverie entitled "Falling Leaves," which the band was discoursing with more than ordinary expression, Thorne drove up to the steps in a light carriage drawn by a pair of fine bays, which he managed with considerable skill.

"How d'ye do, boys; glad to see you. Recognised you at first glance at dinner. 'Pon honor, Diedrick, you're as handsome as possible. Sorry I can't compliment you, Donny"—turning to me—"but fact is, your beauties are all of an intellectual character. Nelly," continued he, addressing a little girl who was playing near, "run up and tell cousin May that I am waiting for her, that's a darling."

"Well, Thorne, the world goes well with you, it seems," remarked I.

"Can't complain. My poor father, sacred be his memory, certainly did leave May and I a few thousands a year—glad of it, for her sake. Oh, here she is, at last."

Sure enough, there she came, tripping down the steps. Nineteen only; nineteen, sweeter by far than "sweet sixteen," for ripeness, beauty, strength of mind, all crowned in her that golden year. Beautiful she certainly was. Love beamed from her eye, archness sat upon her coral lip, health glowed in her cheek, whose color was like "rose leaves crushed on ivory," and braids of hair that Berenice might have envied formed a crown fitting to encircle so queenly a head. Just tall enough to hang gently on your arm; just slight enough to permit a graceful motion in a redowa or galop; but one ungloved hand, small and soft, with taper fingers; she stood with the self-possession which familiarity with society alone can give, before her brother and his friends.

"May, permit me to introduce you to my friends, Messrs. Diedrick Mosenheim and Oradon Scribble. My sister, gentlemen."

We bowed. The lady graciously smiled, and extended to each of us, in succession, her small white hand, which we respectfully touched. We then accepted Haw. Thorne's invitation to accompany him and his sister on their drive. Diedrick and Haw. sat on the box, whilst Miss Thorne and I lolled luxuriously on the cushions of the back seat—an arrangement which did not displease me.

"Mr. Scribble," said my new acquaintance, "are you a relative of Oradon, of the *Saturday Evening Post*?"

"Distantly related," replied I, cautiously.

"But, Mr. Scribble, your voice was so hesitating then, that I verily believe that you yourself are Oradon."

I shook my head. Forgive me, Whewell and Mrs. Opie, for I could not help the prevarication; but it was of no avail.

"[illegible], deny no longer your identity," [illegible] she forth, "and receive the [illegible] due to the folly of attempting to disguise yourself by the use of your [illegible]."

I [illegible] in vain to turn the subject; she [illegible] to the contest and [illegible] the most [illegible] manner, to pull to pieces my style, my ideas, and my theories, until I began to curse the day when the "cacoethes scribendi" seized upon me. Finally she grew merciful, and our conversation turned upon literature, painting, music and flowers. She had spent the last winter and spring in Philadelphia, had heard Habelmann in "*La Dame Blanche*," and Hermanns in "*Faust*," had witnessed the gorgeous pageantry of "Notre Dame," [illegible] "Don Pedro." The Sanitary Fair had [illegible] her the widest [illegible], and as she [illegible] forth her recollections of its magnificent galleries, I seemed once more to be strolling through them, threading my way through the [illegible] of the crowded [illegible], or [illegible] in the picture gallery before the "Standard Bearer" of Meissonier, the chef d'oeuvre of Rothermel, or the Madonna of Murillo, and [illegible] I sighed at the thought of the irrevocable happy hours that I had spent in company with others, scarcely less beautiful than she, within that palace of wonder, which was reared, and which vanished, with a rapidity suggestive of the [illegible] which [illegible] in the pages of the Arabian tale. [illegible] with woman's [illegible], divined that for the while [illegible], her gay spirits [illegible], and the ride was terminated [illegible].

"Au revoir at tea," said the [illegible], as I handed her from the carriage, her dark eyes being fixed upon me with a gaze whose meaning was hard to analyze.

II.

"Will you be at the hop to-night, Miss Thorne?" asked I, as we sat side by side at the tea table.

"Certainly; all the house will be there."

"May I have the honor of your hand for the galop?"

She mused a minute, and then said:

"Well, I have decided, Mr. Scribble, and to you I give my hand; for to-night only, though," she added, smiling archly.

Three hours afterwards we were together in the ball room, where the chief characteristics were heat, music, fans in perpetual motion, whirling figures, and general flirtation. My companion was conspicuous for her beauty, even among a host of belles. We danced a quadrille in the same set, Diedrick being her partner, and when our hands met I must confess I pressed hers more firmly than the laws of the Lancers require. Soon the familiar "Allez toujours" galop was struck up by the band, and I claimed her hand for the dance. Fie on those who would, in the excess of prudery, cry down one of the sweetest and most unalloyed pleasures of youth. In the abandon of a galop, music wooing the soul to the highest pitch of ecstacy, and the gentle motion, half gyration, half oscillation, causing a new life to thrill through the veins in a pace which is conventional and not necessarily familiarising, the dancers glide across the polished floor, forgetting all else but the reality of the present pleasure. Hypochondriac, go to a brilliantly lighted ball room, select a lithesome partner, galop, waltz, or polka, to good music, and you will find that your imaginary ailings will quickly be banished from thought. Truly says a poet, who never sings but to utter words of beauty and sentiments of untold value,

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

My partner danced well, and as she tripped along the floor, "her step of lightness woke no echo there." At last the music died away, and once more we were seated side by side. Reader, I was in danger at this moment. Although I had known this lady but a few hours, I was as completely fascinated as ever was African peasant by the tawny lion of the forest. What I might have done, what I might have said had I not been interrupted, I tremble to think of, but Apollo preserved me, for just at that moment a servant handed me a telegraphic dispatch which read as follows:—

Philada., Aug. 16, 1864. Oradon Scribble, Esq. Audit in Re Estate of John Tompkins will take place on Thursday. Your presence is absolutely necessary.
BRIEF. GREENBAG,
Attorney at Law.

Thursday—to-day is Tuesday. Must leave to-night in last boat. Confound the Auditor. May he roast for this. Such were my reflections.

"Miss Thorne, I regret to say that business of importance obliges me to leave for Philadelphia to-night. Such a call would at any time be vexatious, but under the present circumstances it is particularly annoying."

"Unfortunate lawyer, modest young author, I sympathize with you," responded she.

"Give me a flower," said I, "as a memento of this evening. No—not the rose—that heliotrope. Thank you." I pressed her hand, and left her.

When I arrived in Philadelphia I found that, through the mismanagement of my colleague Mr. Greenbag, the affairs of the estate of John Tompkins had during my absence of two weeks—for Diedrick and I had been travelling before we arrived at the aforementioned watering-place—become wretchedly confused, and I plainly saw that there was no more vacation for me, for shortly the September term of court would begin, and the estate of the lamented Tompkins would fully occupy my attention until that time. So I plodded in my office, but Diedrick remained at the sea side.

As I wandered around the streets of the city at night, with no companions but the stars, after the labors of the day were concluded, I was able to reflect upon the curious fascination which May Thorne had exercised over me, and to wonder if Diedrick would not fall a prey to her charms. But this was not to be [illegible]. "Diedrick has a heart of granite," I said to myself, "he never sought for beauty, and always [illegible] of matrimony." [illegible] that I was the only [illegible] one of the [illegible].

In a few days my friend returned, and called at my office late in the afternoon. After the usual salutations and [illegible] inquiries after health, Diedrick sat down, and in [illegible] manner, entirely new to him, blurted out:

"Donny, I am engaged to be married."

I leaped from my chair as if a galvanic battery had been placed at my elbow, seized my friend fiercely by the shoulder, and [illegible].

"I might have known it—May Thorne—"

"Is my betrothed," said he, taking the sentence from my lips.

And so Diedrick is to be married, and to one of whom *I* once dreamed, but Diedrick laughs [illegible] that it is not [illegible] ever know it, for as he never reads newspapers he will not see this article, and as [illegible] of the readers of THE POST are ladies, I am sure that my secret will be safe.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1865.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The publishers of this new Magazine, in entering upon the second year of its existence, beg leave to offer their thanks to the reading public for the support which they have so liberally extended to them. Very few Magazines have been able, in their second year, to boast of so large a circulation as that to which THE LADY'S FRIEND has now attained. Referring to the numbers already published as indicative of the character of our Magazine, we may briefly say that it will continue to be devoted to CHOICE LITERATURE and the ILLUSTRATION OF THE FASHIONS. It will contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Caps, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by MRS. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department of the following

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The publishers of THE POST would call the attention of their host of old friends and the public to their Prospectus for the coming year. THE POST will continue to maintain its proud position as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER,

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CHOICE LITERATURE,

including STORIES, SKETCHES, POETRY, ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, and everything of an interesting character designed

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THOUSANDS OF ITS OLD PATRONS WILL TESTIFY.

Therefore

SUBSCRIBE TO THE POST,

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4.00

☞ The matter in THE POST will always be different from that in THE LADY'S FRIEND.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course the premium for getting up a Club may be either one or the other, as desired. Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different post-offices.

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How Gold is Got.

We propose to tell "how they get gold," in a short and familiar way. Gold originates chiefly in veins. By the disintegration of these veins (from the action of moisture and air, and that great origin of growth and destruction, *oxygen*)—on their breaking up, the metal becomes disengaged and scattered, and is thus obtained, in various ways from other sources than the original veins. It is found, principally in quartz, and talcose and micaceous slate, called gold ore. This is the "matrix" or stone that holds the gold. This gold ore is first crushed, very finely, mixed with water. It is then agitated in water, (by various modes) so that the gold may sink to the bottom, and the stony particles be carried off. At the bottom is quicksilver, or mercury—for which gold has such an affinity, or love, that they unite the moment they touch. In this way the gold is secured in the mercury. The two united are called the "amalgam."

This amalgam is then put in some porus body—such as buck-skin, damask, ticking—and squeezed, until the excess of silver is forced out, and the result is a beautiful, silvery ball containing the gold, mixed with the mercury. This ball of amalgam is then put in a "retort"—which is a tightly secured iron vessel (a tea-kettle, with the top screwed tightly on, would represent the retort) having a pipe leading from it, the end of which is placed in cold water. Fire is now applied to the retort and the quicksilver rises (just like steam) and passing out of the pipe, is cooled, condensed and saved in the water. When all the mercury is driven off in this way, the gold is taken out in a spongy, dark, brownish mass, and is called "burnt gold." This burnt gold is put in a crucible, melted, and run into a bar, button or "ingot"—and now you have your gold. This gold always contains a little silver and generally a trace of copper; but that is "How they get Gold" in regular mining. Did you know it—simple as it is—before?—*Boston Leader.*

☞ Two lovers, like the two halves of a divided bank-note, however widely separated, always correspond with each other.

LATEST NEWS.

Gen. Sheridan has sent another official despatch to Gen. Grant, and says that he pursued the routed enemy nearly to Mount Jackson, which he reached on Wednesday and Thursday nights without an organized regiment of his army. [illegible] pieces of artillery [illegible] at headquarters. [illegible] wagons and ambulances were captured or destroyed. [illegible] Gen. Custer arrived in Washington, on Saturday afternoon, with ten rebel battle-flags.

Gen. Butler has [illegible] the rebels from the Dutch Gap work, General Lee having [illegible] our negro troops who had been placed on the rebel fortifications.

A Leavenworth (Kansas) despatch states that heavy fighting was going on all day on Saturday [illegible]. Price's force is estimated at 20,000. At last accounts Gen. Pleasonton was pressing the rebels very hard. [illegible] on Tuesday, [illegible] still fighting.

Advices from New Orleans via Cairo state that [illegible] Morganza [illegible]. Gen. [illegible] at Brownsville.

☞ Boiling to death became a statute punishment in England in 1530—22d Henry VIII. This statute was passed in consequence of seventeen persons having been poisoned by Rouse, the Bishop of Rochester's cook. A very pretty young woman, Margaret Davie, was boiled for a similar offence in 1541.

☞ CONTRARY FACTS.—In Australia it is summer in January, and winter in July. It is noon there when it is midnight in Europe. The longest day is in December. The heat comes from the North, and it is hottest on the mountain tops. The swans are black, the eagles are white, the bees do not sting, and the birds do not sing. The cherries have no stones, the trees give no shadow, for their leaves turn edgeways to the sun; and some of the quadrupeds have a beak and lay eggs.

☞ *Over a Wall* advises the use of paper for filling mattresses. These mattresses, when well made, serve as admirable bedding for the sick and infants among the poor, who have often nothing better than straw filled with shavings to lie upon. They should be made thus: the paper must be torn up into a basket which will not tip over. It must first of all be folded, and then torn towards one's self, in the sense, into strips, each strip should be torn into bits no longer than half a postage-stamp. One thing is necessary to be observed in this part of the work—the paper should never be torn double, and each bit must drop separately into the basket. There will be lumps forever in the pillow or bedding should you neglect this caution. This kind of stuffing is further said to be healthy.

☞ Sidney Smith said, never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy—one was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another to keep a box of sugar plums on the chimneypiece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.

☞ There is some sharp practice in the substitute business. An Irishwoman brought her husband down from Boston, to enlist him, the other day, and fearing he might give her the slip put him in the lock-up over night!

☞ An English writer says:—"My beau ideal of life is somebody to love, some good to be done, some poem to be written, some book to be reading, a tree at my window, a fire in my grate, and a pocket never destitute of shillings to lay out upon the book stalls."

☞ THE COFFEE BEAN.—Efforts are soon to be made to introduce the culture of the coffee bean into the Connecticut valley—a product that is said to be the best substitute for coffee yet discovered. Marsh Stiles, of New Ashford, in Berkshire county, Mass., has the seed, and it is believed that the article can be as profitably produced as tobacco.

☞ "The Highlanders are exceedingly hospitable; and this reminds me," says Dr. Guthrie, "of the defence of their vices made by a Highland minister, who, in giving a notice of his parish in Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, and being required to state its moral condition, said, with matchless clearness and dexterity, 'The people of this parish are very brave, therefore they are always fighting. They are very hospitable, therefore they are always given to drink. They are very polite, therefore they are in the habit of telling lies.'"

☞ The clergyman who "came to another head" in his discourse, was much disappointed to find no brains in it.

☞ Some gentlemen waited on a well-known banker, a short time ago, to request him to subscribe to a certain charity. The banker put down his name for £10. One of the gentlemen ventured to expostulate on the smallness of the sum, saying, "Baron, your sons have put their names down for £20 each." "Oh!" said our modern Crœsus, "that is all very well for my sons; they have a father who is a millionaire!"

☞ The Paris correspondent of the New York Herald says that several contrabands were present at Miss Slidell's wedding. This explains the statement of the telegraph—that the ceremony was consummated with Great Pomp.

☞ It is singular that the two great travellers and discoverers in Africa should both die from paltry accidents. Bruce was killed by falling down stairs, his foot having slipped; and poor Speke has fallen by the careless use of his gun.

☞ Two New York newsboys have just started for Europe with two thousand dollars each, and propose to set up in business when they get across the water. Their thrift is owing to the good influences of the Newsboys' Lodging House.

☞ A male infant was born on the night train between Lancaster and Philadelphia last Friday. The conductor was puzzled whether he ought to collect fare for him or not. The infant ought to be a fast man when he grows, born at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour.

☞ The twilight steals over the earth like a mournful thought over the soul. And in our sorrowful moods, as amid the shadows of the evening, we see stars in Heaven that were before invisible.

AT THE WELL.

I said, "I have a tale to tell!"
I said it with a blush and sigh;
We were together at the well,
Effie, my gentle love, and I.
Scarcely up the [illegible] sky
The queen moon walked in grace alone;
And with her cheeks and hair of [illegible],
With light as with a golden veil,
She stood and waited for the tale.

About her little shining head
A wreath of bright wild flowers she wore;
Brown, streaked with amber, white and red,
Their like I oft had seen before,
Yet did not know that they were fair
Until she had them in her hair.

How tenderly my memory notes
Each trifle that made my bliss complete;
The very way her garment floats
Around her dainty twinkling feet;
And how, betwixt the stems so blue,
A wild and straggling briar bush grew,
And how she side against the sun
Shone with a dozen flowers for one
Upon the other, in the shade;
That briar-bush a text I made,
And preached a sermon very wise,
And Effie told me with her eyes
She never heard so sweet a one;
That we would always live in th' sun,
And make our lives on all sides bright;
And so we have done since that night.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XLVIII.

A NEW HOME.

It was an exquisite scene; one of the very prettiest in Normandie. The old town with its aged and irregular buildings rising one over the other like hanging gardens, but to a mountainous height; the large expanse of water, clear as a sheet of glass, bright with the early sun, stretching out underneath as far as the eye could see; the hills on the right, with their clustering trees and their winding road, leading to the nestling houses in the village of St. Sauveur; Harfleur opposite, standing as a back-ground to the plain of crystal, its old castle (or what looks like one) conspicuous, its gentle mounts green and picturesque; Havre lying next it almost side by side, with its immensity of buildings and its long harbor that you can see;—these were what may be called the prominent parts of the canvass, but you, were you looking at it, might find the minuter points of the filling-in even more interesting. The whole made a magnificent tableau, which, once seen, must rest upon the charmed mind for ever.

The Hotel du Cheval Blanc, situated at one end of the town, was perhaps the best spot in all Honfleur for admiring this panorama; unless, indeed, you mounted the heights above the town. Standing in one of the end rooms of this hotel on the second floor, whose windows commanded two sides of view, the town and the water, was a gentleman whom you have met before. You could not have mistaken it for anything but a French room, with its bare floor, its tasty curtains, and its white-covered chairs. The tables had marble tops, hard and ugly, but the piano opposite to the fire-place was of tolerable tone.

It was the best of the two sitting rooms in the hotel: better than the one on the first floor underneath, because those windows were low and cheerful and those were high and grim. This room and chamber into which it opened (whose intervening door could never be got to shut, and if shut couldn't be got to open) looked right over to Harfleur. For the matter of that, the room opened into two chambers, but the one was bolted up from it just now, and we have nothing to do with it. Like most French rooms, it seemed made up of doors and windows.

The gentleman standing at the window was Mark Cray. Resident at Honfleur more than a month now, this was the first time he had been called in to see a patient. A traveller had been taken ill at the Cheval Blanc in the middle of the night, had asked if there was an English doctor in the place, and Mark was summoned.

It was a rather serious case, and Mark had not left him yet. The door between the rooms was open, but Mark kept as still as a mouse; for the patient, he hoped, was dropping into a doze. Mark had occupation enough, looking out on the busy scene. It was high tide, and the harbor, close on which the hotel was built, was alive with bustle. Fishing boats were making ready to go out; fishing boats were tiding in, bearing their night's haul. The short pier underneath had quite a crowd on it for that early hour; women with shrill tongues, men with gruff ones, who were waiting to tow in a merchant vessel drawing near, idlers only looking on,—their babble of voices came right up to Mark, and had he been rather more familiar with the Norman tongue, he might have known what all the gabbling was about. A quiet wedding party, three men and three women, were taking a walk on the pier, two and two, after the performance of the early ceremony; or perhaps it had been performed the previous day, and this one was the continuance of the holiday,—one never knows; the gala caps on the women's heads flapping out their extraordinary wings, such caps as we may see in pictures: a sober, middle-aged, well conducted wedding-party of humble life. They probably came, Mark thought, from some few miles inland, where the water and the boats were not every-day objects, as at Honfleur, for their interest in these seemed intense. Every minute there was something new, as is sure to be the case with a full tide at early morning: now, an entanglement of boats at the entrance of the harbor; now, the snapping of a cord and deafening noise in consequence; and now a flat barge, heavily laden, went sounding off to the Seine, to toil up between its green banks as far as Rouen.

Suddenly, a noise as of the waters being cut through came, and Mark, who was watching the toiling barge and wondering what she was laden with, turned his head to the left. The steamer plying from Havre was coming in—had almost reached the port. She had made a fine passage that morning: not twenty-five minutes yet had passed, since she steamed out of Havre. The coming in, and the going out again of those steamers, twice each way in the summer days, is the great event in Honfleur life.

In she came to the harbor, swiftly and steadily, [illegible] under the hotel windows, and moored herself in her place opposite the hotel entrance. Mark Cray changed his window again.

Quitting the one at which he had been standing, he quietly opened the one which faced the town and inner harbor, and leaned out to watch the disembarking of the steamer's live freight.

"I wonder how many of them will be coming into the hotel to breakfast?" he murmured. "I wish—"

What he was about to wish was never known. A voice from the inner room interrupted him. And it was not by any means a feeble voice, but rather a loud one.

"Mr. Cray!"

Mark hastened in. To his surprise he saw his patient, whom he had left in hope of sleep, out of bed and dressing himself. Mark, as medical attendant, made a strong remonstrance.

"I feel a great deal better," was the answer. "I can't lie any longer. Is not that the boat come in?"

"Yes," said Mark. "But—"

"Well, I told you I must go back by her to Havre if I possibly could. Necessity has no choice."

Mark could only look his amazement. The boat would go out again almost directly, and the patient stood little chance of getting time for breakfast.

"You cannot go by this boat," he said. "There'll be another later in the day."

"I can't wait for that. I must be away from Havre by an early train."

"But—I—I don't know that I can pronounce you out of danger," remonstrated Mark, hardly able yet to realize the fact that a gentleman, thought to be dying in the night, was dressing himself to go off in a steamer in the morning. "Of danger, sir, do you hear?"

"I know these attacks of mine are bad—dangerous, I suppose, while they last; but, once over, I am well, except for weakness. And the long and the short of it is, I must go to Havre by the return boat."

Mark Cray saw that further objection would be useless. The chamber-man (I can't help it if you object to the appellation; the hotel had no women servants) came in with warm water, and the traveller ordered a cup of coffee to be ready by the time he got down. Mark went back to the sitting-room. He would stay and see him on board.

The steamer's first bell had rung when the traveller came forth. Mark caught up his hat and gloves. "I hardly know what I am indebted to you," said the stranger, placing a thin piece of paper in his hand. "Perhaps that will cover it."

It was a hundred-franc note. Mark would have given it back, badly though he wanted money. It was too much; altogether too much, he exclaimed.

"No," said the stranger. "I don't know what I should have done without you; and you have stayed with me the night. That's being attentive. I was taken ill once before in the night at an hotel in France, where there happened to be an English doctor in the town, and they got him to me. But he was gone again in an hour, and in fact seemed to resent having been disturbed at all. I didn't pay *him* more than I was obliged."

"Ah, he had plenty of practice, perhaps," cried Mark, rather too impulsively. "But indeed this is paying me a great deal too much. I don't like to take it."

"Indeed it is not, and I hope you will accept my thanks with it," was the conclusive answer.

Mark Cray saw the traveller on board the boat, watched it move off, turn, and go steaming down the port. And then he made the best of his way home, the hundred-franc note in his pocket seeming to be a very fairy of good fortune.

They had come to Honfleur the latter end of April; this was the beginning of June; and poor Mark had not found a single patient yet. Mr. Barker was there to receive them. How Barker contrived to live, or whence his funds came, Mark did not know, but he always seemed flourishing. There are some men who always do seem flourishing, whatever may be their ups and downs. Barker was in Paris now, apparently in high feather, his letters to Mark boasting that he was getting into "something good."

Mark ran all the way home; his lodgings were not far, near the ascent of Mont Joli. Could scenery have supplied the place of meat and drink, then Mark Cray and his wife might have lived as epicures, for nothing could well be more grandly beautiful than the prospect seen from their windows. But, alas! something besides the eyes requires to be feasted in this world of wants.

It was a small house with a garden before the door, and was tenanted by a widow lady and her servant. Mark and his wife occupied a small sitting-room in it and a bed-chamber above; opening from the sitting-room was a little place about four foot square, which served for kitchen, and was let to them with the rooms. They waited on themselves: it is rare indeed that attendance is furnished with lodgings in France. But madame's servant was complaisant, and lighted their fire and did many other little things.

Caroline was in the bed-room, dressing, when Mark returned. Dressing in that listless, spiritless manner which argues badly for the hope and heart. It was a pity their expectations in regard to Honfleur had been so inordinately raised, for the disappointment was keen, and Caroline perhaps had not strength to do battle with it. She had pictured Honfleur (taking the impression from Barker's letters and Mark's sanguine assumptions) as a very haven of refuge; a panacea for their past woes, a place where the English patients, if not quite as plentiful as blackberries, would at least be sufficient to furnish them with sufficient funds to live in comfort. But it had altogether proved a fallacy. The English patients held aloof. In fact, there were no English patients, so far as they could make out. Nobody got ill: or, if they did get ill, they did not come to Mark Cray to be cured. Tribulation in the shape of petty embarrassment was coming upon them, and Caroline began to hate the place. She was weary, sick, sad; half dead with disappointment and ennui.

Unfortunately, there was becoming a reason to suspect that something was radically wrong with Caroline. Not that she thought it yet; still less Mark. Dr. Davenal had surmised that her constitution was unsound.

During the time of that pleasant sojourn at Chalons, when Mr. Dick Davenal came so suddenly upon them, and Mark was [illegible] to go out to take the air [illegible] in [illegible] spectacles and moustache, Caroline, in undressing herself one night, found—or fancied that she found—a small lump in her side, below the ribs. She thought nothing whatever about it, it was so very small; in fact, it slipped from her memory. Some time afterwards, however, she accidentally touched her side and felt the same lump there again. This was of course sufficient to assure herself that it was not fancy, but still she attached no importance to it and said nothing. But the lump did not go away: it seemed like a little kernel that could be moved about with the finger; and in the week following their arrival at Honfleur she first spoke of it to Mark. Mark did not pay much attention to it; that is, he did not think there was any cause to pay attention to it; it might proceed from cold, he said, or perhaps she had given herself a knock; he supposed it would go away again. But the lump did not go away, and Caroline had been complaining of it lately.

On this past night—or rather morning—when Mark was at the hotel with the patient to whom he was called, Caroline had been recreating her imagination with speculations upon what the lump was, and what it was likely to come into. Whether this caused her to be more sensitive to the lump than she had been before, or whether the lump was really beginning to make itself more troublesome, certain it was that her fears in regard to it were at length aroused, and she waited impatiently for the return of her husband.

"Mark, this lump gets larger and larger. I am certain of it."

It was her greeting to Mark when he entered and came up to the chamber. She turned her spiritless eyes upon him, and Mark might have noted the sad listlessness of the tone, but that it had become habitual. He made no reply. He was beginning himself to think that the lump got larger.

"And it pains me now—a sort of dull aching. I wonder if it's coming into anything. Just feel it, Mark."

Mark Cray drew her light cotton dressing-gown tight across the place, and passed his fingers gently over and over it. He was not so utter a tyro in his profession as to be ignorant that the lump might mean mischief. Caroline, with the lightning quickness of apprehension, noted and did not like his silence.

"Mark! what is it? What's going to be the matter with me?"

"Nothing, I hope," replied Mark, speaking readily enough now. "It will go away, I dare-say. Perhaps you have been fidgeting with it this morning."

"No, I have not done that. And if the lump meant to go away, why should it get larger? It *does* get larger, Mark. It seems to me that it has nearly doubled its size in the last week."

"I think it is a little larger," acknowledged Mark, feeling perhaps that he could not get out of the confession. "How long has it pained you?"

"I can't remember. The pain came on so imperceptibly that I hardly know when it first began. What is the lump, Mark?"

"I can't tell."

"You can't tell?"

"I can't tell *yet*. Sometimes lumps appear and go away again, and never come to anything."

"And if they do come to anything, what is it that they come to?"

"Oh, sometimes one thing and sometimes another," answered Mark lightly.

"Can't you tell me what the things are?" she rejoined, in a peevish anxious tone.

"Well—boils for one thing. And tumors; they come."

"And what becomes of the tumors?" she quickly rejoined, catching at the word.

"They have to be taken out."

"Is it very painful?"

"Law, no. The pain's a mere nothing."

"And cancers? How do they come?" proceeded Caroline after a pause. "With a little lump at first, like this?"

"Cancers don't come there. You need not fear that it's a cancer. Carine, my dear, you must be nervous this morning."

She passed by the remark, hardly hearing it.

"But, Mark—you say you can't tell yet what it is."

"Neither can I. But I can tell you what it is *not*. I'll get you a little ointment to rub on it, and I make no doubt it will go away."

Caroline was doing her hair at the moment. She had the brush in one hand, the hair in the other; and she paused just as she was, looking fixedly at her husband.

"Mark, if you don't know what it is, perhaps somebody else would know. I wish you'd let me show it to a doctor."

Mark laughed. He really believed she must be getting nervous about it, and perhaps deemed it would be the best plan to treat it lightly.

"A French doctor? Why, Carine, they are not worth a rush."

"I have heard Uncle Richard say the contrary," she persisted. "That the French, as surgeons, are clever men."

"He meant with the knife, I suppose. Well, Caroline, you can let a Frenchman see the lump if it will afford you any satisfaction. You don't ask me what has kept me out all these hours!" rejoined Mark, by way of changing the topic. "I have had a patient at last."

"Yes, I supposed that. He was very ill, perhaps, and you had to remain with him."

She spoke in the wearied, inert tone that seems to betray an entire absence of interest. When the spirit has been borne down with long-continued disappointment this weariness becomes a sort of disease. It was very prejudicial now, in a physical point of view, to Caroline Cray.

Mark took out the note.

"See how well he paid me!" he cried, holding it to her. "I wish such patients would come to the Cheval Blanc every day!"

The sight aroused her from her apathy.

"A hundred-franc note!" she exclaimed with dilating eyes. "Oh, Mark! it is quite a God-send. I shall believe next in Sara Davenal's maxim: that help is sure to turn up in the time of need."

In the time of need! It was a time that had certainly come for them. The surplus of Oswald Cray's twenty-pounds, remaining after the expenses of removal were paid, had come to an end, and neither Mark nor his wife had seen their way clear to [illegible] for another week. It was in truth a God-send; more strictly so than Caroline, in her lightness, deemed.

But the money, welcome as it was, did not take the permanent place in her mind to-day that it might else have done. That was occupied by the lump. Caroline's fears in regard to it could not be allayed, and she insisted upon being taken to a doctor for his opinion without any delay. Mark made inquiries and found a Monsieur Le Bleu was considered to be a clever man. He proposed to ask him to call, but Caroline preferred to go to him, her reason being a somewhat whimsical one, as expressed to Mark: "If he has to come to me I shall think I am really ill." Accordingly they went that same afternoon, and the interview, what with Mark Cray's French and the doctor's English, was productive of some temporary difficulty.

They started after their early dinner. M. Le Bleu lived not very far from them, but in the heart of the town, and Mark began by calling him Mr. Bleu, *sans ceremonie*. Mark had learned French at school and therefore considered himself a French scholar. On the door was a brass plate, "M. Le Bleu, Medecin;" and a young woman in a red petticoat, grey stockings, and sabots, came to the door in answer to the ring.

"Is Mr. Bleu at home?" demanded Mark. "Monsieur Bleu, chez elle?" continued he, trying to be more explanatory, in answer to the girl's puzzled stare.

"Oh, Mark," whispered Caroline, her cheeks flushing at the specimen of French. "Monsieur Le Bleu, est-il chez lui," she hastily said, turning to the servant.

"Monsieur Le Bleu est chez lui," the girl said to them, and they were admitted.

A little middle-aged gentleman in spectacles, with no beard, or whiskers, or moustache, or any other hair to speak of, for that on his head was as closely cut as it could be, short of being shaved, came forward. He asked what he could have the honor of doing for them.

"Speak English, Messeu?" began Mark. "Parle Angliske?"

"Yes, sare," was the amiable response, as the doctor handed Caroline a seat. "I speak the Angliske, moi."

"Oh then we shall get on," cried Mark. "Madame here, my femme, it's for her. I don't think it's much, but she would come. That's my name—handing in his card."

The Frenchman was a little puzzled by so much English all at once, and relieved himself by looking at the card.

"Ah, c'est ce, Monsieur Cr—Cr—Craw," pronounced the doctor, arriving with satisfaction at the name after some stammering. "And Madame, what has she?"

"Malade," briefly responded Mark. "Elle a une—une—lump—come in the—the (what's French for side, I wonder?) in the cote. Ici, Messeu," touching himself; "mais il est tres petite encore; no larger than a—a petite pois."

Clearly the gentleman did not understand. Mark had drawn him aside, so that they were speaking apart from Caroline.

"A-t'elle d'enfants, Madame?"

"Oh, oui, oui," responded Mark, at a venture, not catching a syllable of the question, the Frenchman seemed to speak so rapidly.

"Et combien? I ask, sare, how many; and the age of them; the age?"

"Three-and-twenty. Vingt-trois."

"Vingt-trois!" echoed the doctor, pushing up his glasses. "Mais, ce n'est pas possible. I say it not possible, sare, that Madame have twenty-three children."

"*Children!*" shouted Mark. "I thought you said *age*. She has not any children; pas d'enfants, Messeu. She found of it before we quitted England—avant nous partons d'Angleterre."

Monsieur Le Bleu tried hard to understand. "Where you say it is, sare, the mal? Est-ce que c'est une blessure?"

"It's here," said Mark, touching *him* now. "It came of itself—venait tout seule, grande at first comme the tete of an epingle, not much more: a present larger than a big pea—a petite pois."

The doctor's ear was strained, and a faint light broke upon it. He had enjoyed the pleasure of conversing with English patients before; in fact it was mostly from them that he was enabled to shine in the language.

"Ah, je vois. Pardon, sare, it not a blessure, it a—a—clou?—a bouton? I ask, sare, is it a button?"

"It's a *lump*," returned Mark, staring very much. "A sort of a kernel, you know. Comprends Messeur?" he questioned, in no hurry, perhaps, to make any worse suggestion.

The doctor gravely nodded: not caring to confess his ignorance.

"When did he arrive, sare?"

"When did who arrive?"

"Him—the mal, sare."

"Oh, the lump. Several weeks back—quelques smaines, Messeu. Pas beaucoup de trouble avec, de pain! mais trouve nervous this morning, and—and—thought she'd like a doctor's opinion," concluded Mark, his French completely breaking down.

"Bon," said the surgeon, wishing Mark did not talk English quite so fast. "Madame has not consultayed a docteur done, encore?"

"Only me," replied Mark. "I'm a doctor myself—docteur moi-meme, Messeu."

"Ah, monsieur est medecin lui-meme," cried the doctor, making a succession of bows in his politeness. "That will facilitate our understandings, sare. Has Madame the good—the bonne sante, de l'ordinaire?" he continued, coming to a breakdown himself.

"Sante de l'ordinaire!—I wonder what that is!" debated Mark within himself. "Vin ordinaire means thin claret, I know. I no comprendre Messeu," he confessed aloud. "My femme eats and drinks everything."

"Is Madame—je ne trouve pas le mot, moi—is she *saine*, I would ask?"

"San?" repeated the puzzled Mark. "Why, you never mean *sane*, surely!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "She's as sane as you or I. What on earth put that in your head, Messeu! she doesn't look mad, I hope!"

"I no say mad," disclaimed Messeu. "I ask if she—ah, viola le mot, quel bonheur!—if she healthy?—if she partake of the good constitution?"

A recollection flashed across Mark Cray's memory of a doubt he had once heard drop from Dr. Davenal,—as to whether Caroline's constitution was a healthy one.

"Elle a porte tres bien," was his answer to Messeu, plunging into his French again. "This mayn't be anything, you know, Messeu."

"I not like these boutons though, sare."

"Which buttons?" demanded Mark.

"The buttons you do me the honor to consult for. Je ne les aime pas, soit clou, soit tumeur—n'importe pour l'espece. In the place you indicate to me, it is like to be a tumeur, and she is obstinate."

"Who is, Messeu?" asked Mark, in doubt whether the incomprehensible Frenchman did not allude to his wife.

"The tumeur," hastily explained Messeu. "I have held cases that would not [illegible] themselves at all [illegible]."

"Oh, but this is not a case of that sort," said Mark, half resentfully. "A few simple remedies may disperse it."

"Yes, I hope," agreed the doctor. "I would demand of Monsieur if he has tried the sangsues?"

"The what?" cried Mark, who had not the remotest idea what sort of a thing "sangsues" could be. "No, I have not tried it."

"Faites venir la sangsues, sare. She is a useful beast, sare."

Mark mentally groaned. Whatever had "useful beasts" to do with this lump of Caroline's? Useful beasts? "Is it a camel you are talking of?" he asked.

"A camel!" repeated the doctor, staring at Mark. "Pardon, I no understand."

Mark was sure he didn't. "You spoke of useful beasts, Messeu?"

"Yes, they have [illegible] virtue, the sangsues. They do good to Madame: they bite her well."

Mark was never more at sea in his life. Running away in search of camels, his perceptions were perhaps a little obscured in that movement. Bite Madame! What on earth was "Sangsues?"

"I speak of the little black beast, that hang when she full"—pointing to his finger. "You call them lech—lech—"

"Leeches," interrupted Mark, with a laugh. "I could not understand, sare; je pense, Messeu, que vous—vous—speak of wild beasts."

"Yes," said the doctor complacently. "I thought you understand, sare."

"Bon, pour Madame, vous dit, Messeu, the [illegible]."

"Je pense que oui. Mais—but I no say true before the examen of Madame. I would see the hurt, me. I go to your house, sare, and must Madame without her robe. I go to-morrow at four of the clock after twelve, if that will arrange you."

"So be it," returned Mark, when he had puzzled out the words. "Je dit a ma femme que—que—que—it was of no use for her to tell [illegible] herself; you'd want to see her [illegible]. Je vous merci, Messeu."

And when they were walking home, Mark said to his wife how very glad he was to find he had kept up his French so well.

PART XLIX.

A BELL RINGING OUT AT MIDNIGHT.

I wonder whether you remember that most charming weather we had in the October of that same year, 1861. The first fortnight of the month was more lovely than can be imagined of October: it was brilliant and warm as summer.

Toiling up the ascent of the Cote de Grace, went Mark Cray and his wife on one of those delightful days. The word toiling would be misapplied to you, I hope, for the way is gentle, the ascent easy; but it was toil now to Caroline Cray. The past three or four months had made a great change in her: health and spirits had alike sunk. As the lump got larger—we may as well call it by its familiar name—the body got weaker, and she felt the fatigue of walking now. Mark and the weather's unusual beauty had tempted her out, and they had taken the way through the town to the Cote de Grace.

Winding up the [illegible] they had gained the top. Caroline sat down at once on a bench that faced the sea; Mark stepped forward to the edge, dangerous enough if unprotected, and looked down. Was any panorama ever more beautiful? It happened to be full tide, as it was that morning when you saw him looking at it before—the same view, from the window of the Cheval Blanc. But the same view, extended, enlarged, altogether grander, from the height on which he now stood.

Mark Cray took a glass from his pocket. It belonged to Monsieur Le Bleu, with whom they were now passably intimate; one of those small but effective telescopes rather rare to meet with. Adjusting its focus, he swept it round the horizon. He turned it to the right and saw the women winding up the hill paths on their way from Honfleur market, their unbecoming, borderless caps of every-day wear quite plain to him. Opposite was Harfleur, flickering in the light and shade; underneath him, beyond the cultivated precipice, were the walks by the sea—if you call it sea—the road winding on afar, the bathing establishment with its seats, and its linen spread out to dry. Havre itself looked rather cloudy from local smoke, but its entrance was beautifully clear, and Mark put up his glass again to gaze at it. Vessels, great and small, were rounding the point. A large steamer, which he recognised as the London boat, was turning into it, her steam so high, seemingly so close, that he might have fancied he must hear it hiss. A fine sailing vessel was being towed out, to commence her long voyage; she looked like an Indiaman. The steamer plying between Havre and Trouville had reached its midway passage; a little funnelled boat was bearing swiftly on in the direction of Fiquefleur bay; an ugly black-looking yacht had pointed its nose towards the dangerous bar of Quillebœuf; one of the ever-lasting flat barges was moving imperceptibly up the Seine; smaller boats and more picturesque were coquetting on the *manche*, and the Honfleur steamer was coming on quickly, leaving Havre far behind her. Mark extended the glass in the direction of the extreme left, and studied the vessels in the distance. Not a breath seemed to fill their sails. The blue and clear waters of the Seine were not calmer than that sometimes turbulent sea: river, *manche*, sea, were to-day still as a lake. A fair scene! none fairer throughout the department of the Calvados.

How familiar the scene had grown to Mark Cray, he could not tell you now. His days, unfortunately, were days of idleness, and he had nothing to do but look at it from some point or other of the heights. Mark's fondly anticipated patients had not come to him; whether the handful of English stationary at Honfleur preferred Monsieur Le Bleu or one of his compatriots to attend them, or whether they were so disobliging as to keep in perfect health, Mark Cray never clearly ascertained. All he could be sure of was, that *he* was not consulted. His professional services had been called into requisition but three times, including the stranger at the hotel who gave him the large fee. An English maid-servant had come to him once to have a tooth drawn; she could not speak French, she said, and did not like to go to a chemist's shop for it; Mark drew it, borrowing the [illegible] Monsieur Le Bleu's [illegible]—or whatever you call the things—and charged her three francs. He said five at first [illegible]

[illegible] ... the lump had had its own way ... [illegible]

Mark Cray lowered the glass and turned to speak to his wife, who was seated but three or four yards behind him. [illegible] ... A pleasant spot to rest in on a summer's day! a charming tableau to regard in silence.

"Won't you come and have a look, Caroline? I don't think I ever saw the atmosphere so clear on a bright day."

She only shook her head by way of answer; wearily, despondently.

"The boat's coming in," he resumed. "Two minutes more, and she'll pass us. You'll like to see her go by."

"I can't, Mark. My side is paining me worse than it has at all. I must not walk up the hill again."

It was a very obstinate side, as M. Le Bleu would express it, a very persistent provoking lump, and that renowned practitioner—who was really a skilful man in spite of his obscure [illegible]—it baffled him and his remedies persistently. Even those highly-reputed leeches, the sangsues, had tried their best to subdue it—and tried in vain. Evidently the effective remedy was not sanguine. The lump had had its own way all these months. It had been growing larger and larger, giving by degrees more and more pain. Monsieur Le Bleu had once hinted his doubts of a "tumeur fibreuse," and Mark had politely retorted that he was an idiot to fancy such things. What the end of it all was to be—of the disease, of the semi-starvation, of the next to impossibility to go on in Honfleur, of Mark Cray's little difficulty with England and the shareholders of the old company—would take a wiser head than either Caroline's or Mark's to tell.

This day has been noticed because it was a sort of turning-point in this persistent malady: not a turning for better but for worse. Whether the walk up the hill injured her, for perhaps she had grown really unfit for it, or whether the disease of itself made a sudden leap onwards, certain it was that poor Mrs. Cray never went up the Cote de Grace again. She walked home with Mark very slowly, and fainted when she got in. Mark did not like her look, and ran off for Monsieur Le Bleu. It was only the fatigue, she said to them, but the next morning she did not rise from her bed.

Several weeks dragged themselves slowly on, Caroline growing worse and weaker. An idea arose to her—it may have almost been called a morbid fancy—that if her Uncle Richard were alive and at hand, her cure would be certain and speedy. From him, it was natural perhaps that her hopes should stray to other English doctors; not young men such as Mark, but men of note, of experience, of known skill; and a full persuasion took possession of her mind that she had only to go to London to be made well. It grew too strong for any sort of counter argument or resistance; it became a mania: to remain in Honfleur was to die; to go to England and the English faculty would be cure and life.

Mark would have gratified the wish had it been in his power: but how was he to find the money? But for Barker, they could not have gone on at all. He sent a trifle to Mark from time to time, and they managed to get along with it. Once, when they were at a very low ebb, Mark had written a pitiful account of their state to his brother Oswald, and a ten-pound note came back again. Ah! what a contrast was this to the prosperity that might have been theirs at Hallingham. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England, that being out one dark night, and not knowing exactly where he was, he alighted from his horse, took up a clod of earth and tasted it. He immediately exclaimed "Uxbridge," and proceeded on his journey.

☞ Who would not be in Florence? There a breakfast of tea or coffee and bread and butter costs ten cents. A veal or mutton cutlet, or beefsteak with potatoes is the same. The number of chestnuts, figs, nuts, peaches, grapes, and other fruits, one can buy for a cent is wonderful.

☞ Our Tommy was always of an inquiring mind. When about four years of age, he was looking out of the window one morning, and a funeral train passed. He turned to his mother with an eager look, and said, "Mother, who will bury the last man that dies?"

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Hold me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep, so bright,
Looked up in mine this even;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good night,"
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah! it is well that little ones should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade them
Bring "little ones" to Him.

And said He not "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
And held them to His breast?
Is it not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis there they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts encased in mine,
How 'twould be shattered if the Lord should say:
"Those angels are not thine!"

—*Standard Bearer.*

THE LILY OF LOZERE.

CHAPTER I.

"I am not a good story-teller, like Monsieur de Lorsay," commenced Dr. Hermann, smiling sadly, "and I dare say I shall have now and then to refer to these faded leaves." He drew out from his desk a little packet of ancient letters, written in a female hand, and opened them reverently, one by one. "These are from my only sister, Emmeline, now with God, who despatched them to me from the very house where the circumstance I am about to relate took place, and at the very time of its occurrence. The date is some years ago, the locality is the south of France, and the dramatis personæ are chiefly a certain Count Lamotte and his two daughters. My sister, who was of a very independent spirit"—here the doctor sighed—"was governess to the younger of the children, Julie, and companion to the elder, Marguerite. She preferred to earn her own living in that manner—although Heaven knows there would always have been a home for her with me—and to do so abroad rather than at home. Count Lamotte was far from rich, nor was he liked by my sister; but smallness of salary and some other disagreeables were more than atoned for, in her eyes, by the friendship of Marguerite Lamotte. Emmeline was older than this girl by twenty years, old enough to be her mother, and as a mother she doted on her. It is hard to judge of beauty by description, but the loveliness of Marguerite must have been something greatly beyond the common. Fairer far, be sure, than the siren who is now beckoning you to shipwreck, ere you have left the very shore of life; fairer than Eugenie de Lorsay, for my sister knew her, and has told me my fancies, indeed, as it would seem, of womankind. They lived in a small country house, apart from society, for the count had mingled with the best, in more prosperous times, and it did not suit his pride to associate with the little landowners about him. There was one immense chateau, indeed, in their neighborhood belonging to a great lord, but this was rarely occupied. Its master did not affect pastoral pleasures, and no tenant could be found rich enough to pay the rent of so princely a residence. So the days in Lozere passed very quietly under the shadow of the Cevennes and by the banks of the growing Garonne, so that one would have thought that the very last spot in France for romance to visit would have been that apparently unambitious household. I say apparently, because its head was secretly for ever scheming and contriving how to regain his place in the gay world, which he had lost through his own extravagance, and was often away from the family in Paris for many weeks.

"During that time his constant theme was the beauty of his daughter Marguerite—the Lily of Lozare, as the country people called her; and he was always regretting that he had not the money to bring her out in Paris, even for one season, in a manner befitting her rank and lineage. The girl herself would rally him playfully about this, complaining that no royal personage had sought her in marriage; but her father was very serious in his sorrow, and really looked upon her as a legitimate means of re-establishing the fortunes of his fallen house. They talk of these things in France in a more open manner than we do, although, perhaps, English fathers are not less selfish than French ones. Moreover, you must not suppose that the count did not love his daughter; he adored her with an affection as genuine as his pride itself. Now, after my sister had resided with the Damotte family nearly two years, and when Julie was about eleven years of age, and Marguerite nineteen, a great event happened in the district: the Chateau Florac, which I have mentioned as having remained so long without a tenant, was taken by a Monsieur Dubois. This gentleman must needs have possessed great wealth to have hired so noble a domain at all, but it was evident that he was a millionaire at least—a description of person less common in France than with us, and quite unknown in the simple district of Lozere—for, not content with the splendid furniture of the mansion, which was kept up in all respects as though its owner was resident, he entirely redecorated all the reception rooms. This was the more wonderful, since it was understood that he had only taken the house upon a short lease.

"Moreover, he did not seem anxious that the neighbors should admire his magnificence. A fete or two—when all the fountains so long sealed up were set a-playing, and the gardens glowed with the hues of rarer flowers than had ever before graced their parterres—did indeed delight the neighbors upon Monsieur Dubois's first arrival. They wandered through the suites of elegant apartments, vainly endeavoring to price the costly furniture; they were admitted as a favor to gaze in at the divan which their host had erected close to his own chamber; and they were entertained with dishes the nature of which they could not guess at, but the taste whereof was ravishing to the palate. But these joys were few and fleeting. Greatly as the Lozere folks were impressed with Monsieur Dubois, the feeling was not reciprocal. He soon grew tired of their admiration, their dullness, their unsophisticated views of life, and shut himself up in the Chateau Florac, with his secretary and his Nubian servants. Yes, Monsieur Dubois's personal attendants were two blacks of hideous appearance, and a gentleman who was called his secretary, but who might have been [illegible]

[illegible] much more, then, must all these wonders have wrought with those who still enjoyed Monsieur Dubois's condescending hospitality.

"This gentleman had made a particular exception in his self-withdrawal from Lozere society in favor of the Lamotte family. The count was the only man who was capable of appreciating his conversation, and who could be his friend without sinking into a flatterer.

"If he was not wealthy, he had once been so, and life at the Chateau Florac was accepted and enjoyed by him in a natural manner, without that slavish gratitude which marks the dull and ill-bred when partaking of the hospitalities of the great. He behaved like a man who is well pleased with his entertainment, but at the same time is conscious that he has brought his welcome with him.

"If the conversation in the divan after dinner was not always edifying, it was doubtless agreeable and well sustained; even the secretary's dumb and spiritless presence had no power to chill the lively eloquence of Lamotte, who, under the influence of good fare and good company, would have made himself pleasant to Pharaoh Necho himself, smothered in seventyfold bandages. Dubois, for the most part, let him talk on, throwing in an intelligent observation here and there, to convince him of his attention; and by this means won the regard of a guest whom it was not easy to dazzle by mere splendor.

"The count, who was rarely depressed at any time, positively appeared to grow young again under these prosperous circumstances, and blessed the hour when Monsieur Dubois first shone upon his obscurity.

"'What you came hither for, friend, unless guided by my good genius for my own special behoof, I cannot guess,' observed he to his entertainer one day, as they lounged as usual in the smoking apartment, each with a piece of amber in his mouth, and the bowl of his pipe at infinite distance. 'Why on earth did you take this Chateau Florac, when you could have hired the Tuileries, had you been so disposed?'

"'Why did I go to Egypt, to be bitten with insects, to be poisoned with indifferent food, to be bored by idiotic interviews with stolid pashas?' returned Dubois. 'I have no reason for anything I do, but only whim. It is never any use asking me questions; I am a fool, but then I can afford to pay for my folly.'

"The host spoke with gayety, and the guest listened with a smile; yet the former meant very seriously that he did not wish to be cross-examined upon his motives, and the latter understood him to mean so. That is the great advantage of living in good society; we learn to perceive, with a sort of delicate attraction of repulsion, what others dislike, and avoid it without the least collision; the magnet informs us that we are cruising in the dangerous vicinity of some loadstone rock, and we put the helm about immediately. This admirable system of social intercourse has, however, its disadvantages. It is impossible to ask for explanations (except at the sword's point), or to inquire for what we call in England 'respectable references' as to character—even when one's own daughter's happiness is concerned in the matter. It had for some time become evident to Count Lamotte that Monsieur Dubois had set his affections upon Marguerite, notwithstanding his polite and frigid demeanor towards her; indeed, it was the absence of the light and jesting manner which the tenant of the chateau adopted with regard to other females, which chiefly made apparent his preference for the Lily of Lozere. It was for the better prosecution of his suit, as the count shrewdly suspected, that Monsieur Dubois had given up his great entertainments. Among the very few guests who were now invited, he could pay his attentions sufficiently often to Mademoiselle Lamotte without exciting remark."

"It is my sister who is speaking, of course," explained Dr. Hermann parenthetically, looking at Frederick over the top of his gold spectacles, and then reverting to the open letters before him.

"I understood as much," observed the young man, smiling inwardly at the notion of the Principal of Minim Hall improvising a romance.

"And I think," added the doctor, "it would be more intelligible if I continued the story in her own words.

[illegible]

"'You will now have a husband every way worthy of you,' was the count's rather sweeping eulogy. 'I congratulate you, my Lily, with all my soul.'

"'Is it Monsieur Dubois, or his secretary, my father?' inquired Marguerite, smiling coldly.

"'My darling, what a question!' returned the count. 'What is the secretary to us?'

"'Nothing, father, that I know of; but he is everything to Monsieur Dubois—I protest that the gentleman who has done me the honor of proposing to marry me has never addressed me save in the presence of that attendant; and I honestly believe that the one has as great (and as little) regard for me as the other.'

"'The true and lasting love,' observed the count demurely, 'only comes after marriage. So great a man as Monsieur Dubois—I have his word that he will settle a million of francs upon you; and see! he has begged our acceptance of one hundred thousand francs, in order that nothing may be wanting in the furnishing forth of my Lily, and that the family may make such an appearance in the meantime as may not disgrace such an alliance—so great a man, I say, dare not commit himself, even in love-making, lest by any accident he should meet with a rejection. Not, indeed, that I suppose any girl in France would be so mad, so blind as to say no—I may add, so undutiful; since no father could be otherwise than satisfied with the prospect of such a son-in-law. My Lily weeps at the idea of parting with her beloved parent, with her sweet Julie, with her dear and admirable Miss Hermann; but I am certain—yes, I feel certain that she is sensible of the greatness of the offer that has been made to her, and that she will accept it thankfully.'

"'Whatever pleases my father will please—will seem right to me,' replied Marguerite with a great effort. And the count kissed her with devotion, and betook himself to his sleeping apartment, and the most charming dreams.

"But Marguerite Lamotte and I passed no such night; and not until the gray dawn touched the mountain tops, did she close her weeping eyes and sob herself to rest at last upon this bosom."

CHAPTER II.

THE KIDNAPPERS.

"Nothing more passed between the count and his daughter concerning her engagement with Monsieur Dubois. It was silently acquiesced in by all parties. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the bridegroom-elect was not exacting as to public demonstrations of affection; while as to private ones, the opportunity never occurred. The inevitable secretary—calm, imperturbable, dull—dogged the footsteps of his master as an engaged man, even more than he had done so when he was fancy free.

"'Monsieur Barbette will not accompany you on your marriage-tour, I conclude, Dubois?' said the count one day, with the nearest approach to a sarcasm that he had ever hazarded to his future son-in-law.

"'Most certainly he will,' Monsieur Dubois had answered. 'My travelling-carriage is built for three inside.'

"The count shrugged his shoulders until they touched the tips of his ears.

"'Everybody to their liking, my friend. Since your ideas are so peculiar, it is useless to ask you to take a French valet, or at least a white man [Monsieur Dubois's dark face turned several degrees more dusky,] instead of your Nubians, for my daughter's maid, Kathleen, an ignorant Irish girl, but true as steel, has taken the greatest horror of them.'

"'And what has your daughter's maid to do with my Nubians?' inquired Monsieur Dubois, coldly.

"'Nothing; except so far that as they are to be fellow-travellers—'

"'Fellow-travellers!' ejaculated Monsieur Dubois, with amazement. 'Where? Whither? What do you mean?'

"'You do not suppose that my daughter—Marguerite Lamotte—will leave my house as your bride without an attendant?' returned the count, with laborious distinctness. 'I do not know much of Monsieur Dubois, but I should hope it was not necessary to point out to him the absolute necessity of such an arrangement.' The tenant of the Chateau Florac turned livid, as the count supposed, with rage; but the blood of the Lamottes was roused in the latter gentleman. 'Thousand devils!' continued he, 'you cannot stir without your secretary, and yet you will not permit my daughter to travel in a manner befitting her station.'

[illegible]

[illegible] all that she knew in the wide world was comprised within the walls of our little house; she had no other relatives save Julie and her father, no other friend but me.

"Her husband was pleased to carry her away at once to what seemed to her a distant part of the earth.

"It was the very time, he said, for a tour in the East; and a steam-yacht was already waiting at Marseille, to carry them up the Mediterranean.

"'If I could only die at once,' cried she, 'instead of lingering on, it may be, for months of misery, how thankful should I be! What is life to me with'—she could not even pronounce his name, but only shuddered. 'How can I live away from all that is dear to me?'

"She looked forth from the window upon the beloved home-scene, the valley still rich with green, though the winter was far advanced, and the Cevennes were white with snow.

"'O, why, just Heaven! did this man come here to turn my happiness to sorrow? I did not know how happy, how blessed I was—and now it is too late! Emmeline, watch over Julie when I am gone. Let her never thus be sacrificed. One sister is enough to be offered up to Mammon. How wretched, too, is my poor father; and when I am gone it will be worse for him. Do not let him reproach himself, dear friend. Comfort him all you can. Ah! if we were but rich!'

"Thus did the dear girl outpour her heart on the very night before her wedding-day. The ceremony was as imposing as the count could make it. Monsieur Dubois had counselled, nay, had entreated, that all things should be conducted in as private a manner as possible; but his father-in-law for once had overruled him. Since the affair was scarcely a love-match, it should at least reflect credit upon the family, and fill the bosoms of his neighbors with unappeasable envy.

"The congratulations he received from all the guests were of the most extravagant description.

"'The young madame would be nothing less than a princess,' they said. And a princess she looked. Her bridal attire was splendid and costly enough for any rank, and she moved with all the stateliness of a queen. Not a touch of color could be traced in her noble features; yet she never looked more beautiful—more like the Lily of Lozere.

"To the spectators she seemed only haughty, stiffened with native pride, and sudden elevation to fortune, while in truth she was only *frozen over*—a glittering show, beneath which lay a breaking heart and unutterable wretchedness.

"When Julie put a bouquet into her gloved hands, I saw them tremble, and the fingers clutch the flowers rather than close upon them, but she never gave way; no, not even when the good-bye came, and her father's own eyes glistened with sorrow and secret remorse. Only as the travelling-carriage drove to the door, she looked round with a sharp, anxious glance for Kathleen, who, with a nod of loving reassurance, seated herself upon the rumble.

"Inside, with his back to the horses, sat the inevitable secretary, at which arrangement the good folks of Lozere could not conceal their unsophisticated astonishment.

"'Faix, and it's myself that's glad he is not here,' remarked Kathleen in reply to one who suggested that he should have been her travelling companion; 'and likewise that they have not set me by one of them Nubians.'

"This faithful creature entertained the most honest and profound dislike not only for the Nubians and the secretary, but for her new master also, whom, she went so far as to tell me, she believed to be the Father of Evil himself, very inadequately disguised. Her grounds for this conviction were manifold, but she mainly relied upon his peculiar color and ugliness; his keeping a familiar—the secretary; and his disinclination even so much as to take the hand of that innocent and spotless lady, her mistress, within his own.

"'The devil, we all know,' said she—'or at least all we good Catholics do, Miss Emmeline—the devil hates holy water, and for some similar reason this black gentleman dare not approach Miss Marguerite—thanks be to Heaven! Why, nobody that was a *man* could have helped falling in love with such a darling at the very first sight; and here he has been courting her these three months, and never ventured to put his ugly lips to her beautiful brow: that is not what *I* call courting, Miss Emmeline; and you may take my word for it that there's something uncanny about such work. Perhaps he's waiting until she does something wrong, before he dare get fond of her. He'll have to wait a weary time for that, for Miss Marguerite's an angel. But anyway, I'll keep my eye upon him. *I'm* not too good, Heaven be praised, to be a match for anybody.'

"And, indeed, Kathleen was my only hope in

this calamity, as she was the sole prop and stay of her unfortunate young mistress.

"Where the count had engaged her, I cannot tell; but he had certainly been most fortunate in securing her as an attendant for his daughter, the younger of whom she had had the charge of almost from infancy. Nothing but her devotion to the family, and to Marguerite in particular, would have induced her to make one of the travelling household of Monsieur Dubois; but having once made up her mind to accompany her mistress, I felt the strongest confidence that Kathleen would never desert her. It seemed little enough protection for a poor girl in such a position; but Marguerite herself clung to it with touching tenacity, so as almost to cause, as we have seen, a quarrel between her father and Monsieur Dubois; and in the end it proved to be of the utmost service.

"A loving heart that is also brave, can accomplish much for the object of its affections and against great odds. Kathleen Maloney, looked upon in this light, could be relied on to overcome almost everything except foreign languages. Although she had lived in France so many years, she floundered in the French tongue about as imperfectly as an Indian ayah speaks English, and would invariably address her remarks to a stranger, even in Louvre, in pure Milesian, in the forlorn-hope that he might be a compatriot.

"Upon the arrival of this singularly composed wedding-party at Marseille, which they reached on the same evening, the happy pair, or rather trio—for the secretary never left them—sat down at their hotel to a splendid repast, of which, however, the poor bride could not swallow a single mouthful. While thus engaged, her scarcely less unhappy attendant wandered out into the bustling town. Perhaps she had a natural passion for sight-seeing, and, understanding that they were to leave the port next morning, she opined that no time was to be lost in reconnoitring; or perhaps the faithful creature thought that she might acquire some knowledge which might be made useful to her beloved mistress. She turned her steps towards the quay, where the great fleet of shipping lay as distinguishable under the clear starlit sky as in the daytime, and strove to guess at which among them all the vessel might be which was fated to carry them so soon to unknown shores. Even France appeared like home in comparison to such a dreaded bourne.

"'Can you tell me, young man,' inquired she of one with a good-natured face, and appearance a little superior to the maritime population thereabouts, 'which of these boats here is the steam-yacht bound for the East to-morrow morning? I am a stranger here myself entirely,' added she in pathetic apology.

"'That's clear,' answered the man in English, holding out his hand, which Kathleen seized in a rapture. 'Why, who on earth would have thought of meeting an Irishwoman in Marseille port, within an hour or two of midnight too! It is neither right nor safe, my lass, that you should be here.'

"'Leave Kathleen Maloney alone for taking care of herself,' replied the undaunted girl; 'although, indeed, if I wanted help you're just the boy to give it me: it was your kind English eyes which made me speak to you, sir. And now, pray tell me which is the steam-yacht, that I may look upon it, and see whether it is like a coffin outside, as it should be, for it will carry me and my dear mistress both to our deaths, I know.'

"'But where do you expect it to take you in the meantime, my good girl? I thought you said it was bound for the East?'

"'Ay, to Egypt or some such place: to the house of bondage, as it has well been written; a land full of taskmasters, and wickedness too, if them Nubians came from it, I'll warrant. Is that the ship, sir?'

"The stranger pointed towards a trim-looking vessel, built evidently for speed, but with much more external decoration about it than is usual: the port-holes were larger—more like windows—and neatly painted, and its appearance altogether was liveable, and even luxurious.

"'It is a pretty thing enough,' observed Kathleen mournfully; 'but for my part, I would rather be set on board a coal-barge, with its figure-head pointing towards old Ireland.'

"'And that's a pleasant thing to say,' returned the young fellow laughing, 'when I myself am engineer of that same steam-yacht, and you will enjoy the great advantage of my society upon the voyage.'

"'What! Do you belong to her? You, an honest Englishman. Then praised be the saints! But, arrah, jewel, tell me all about her, do; and who is this Monsieur Dubois, who owns her, and his secretary, Monsieur Barbette; for you cannot guess how much of comfort or misery may hang upon your answer.'

"'Well, the fact is, it's secret service. You see I am bound not to tell my employer's secrets; but I may say this much, since it is known to every sailor in Marseille, that Monsieur Dubois is no more her owner than I am. The *Irene* belongs to the Porte.'

"'Oh, it's a Marseille boat, is it? Then I suppose Monsieur Dubois has only hired it?'

"'Nay, nay, girl,' returned the young man, greatly amused; 'it is the Sublime Porte that I mean. She belongs to the Sultan.'

"'What! the Grand Turk?' cried Kathleen, clasping her hands. 'Mother of Heaven, this is dreadful! What can it all mean? Look you, sir,' pleaded she, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, 'I have not a friend in all this town, except my dear young mistress, and she has no other friend than I. She has been married this day to Monsieur Dubois, whom she hates, and I hate; and what is much more singular is, that Monsieur Dubois does not love her, never addresses her even, save in the presence of Monsieur Barbette. There is something strange and cruel about it all. There is some unspeakable wretchedness overhanging my dear Miss Marguerite. Oh, sir, if you have a mother, a sister, pity us! Tell me what this man is, and to what misfortunes we are hurrying.'

"'I have a mother and two little sisters at home,' returned the young man, deeply moved, 'and for their sakes I will do your bidding. If I do lose my situation through it, what matters? While wits and hard work command their wages, Charles Perling is not a man to starve.'

"'God will never let you starve,' returned Kathleen earnestly, "if you will only help us in our need.'

"'As to help, my good girl, you shall have the best that I have to offer, though I am afraid it will be worth but little; but I will at least warn you of your danger. The government which I serve is not like other governments; there is always something tricky and underhand going on, either for or against the master. He is a vicious and abandoned prince, and such have always wicked servants, ready to do their will for pay. Monsieur Dubois is one of them, and Monsieur Barbette is another. Now, answer me truly one question. Is your young mistress very beautiful?'

"'She is more lovely than any human creature I ever saw,' returned Kathleen slowly; 'fit to be an angel, just as she is.'

"'Then it's my opinion,' returned the young man gravely, 'that her marriage with Dubois is all a mockery. He and Barbette are carrying her to Constantinople to make their bargain with the Sultan; they have been applying—the scoundrels!—their Circassian principles to France, and they mean to get a high price for this wonderful wife, no doubt.'

"For a moment or two, the brave instincts of Kathleen quite deserted her; the magnitude of the impending danger, the unimaginable wickedness of the plot, deprived her of all power of reflection, and blank despair took the place of terror. But revived by the water which Charles Perling sprinkled on her cheeks, and still more by his soothing and friendly words, she was gradually enabled to look the lowering future in the face.

"'You will not suffer this great wrong to be committed,' said she solemnly; 'you will help me all you can.'

"'I will, I will,' returned he; 'but I do not see what is to be done. You are the head, I am only the hands.'

"'I will go home and warn my mistress,' said Kathleen, after a little thought; 'come with me, and I will show you the window of her chamber. She will inform the landlord of the hotel, and he will not dare but be on our side. We shall return, thank Heaven, and my dear young mistress will see her home once more.'

"'But if the landlord disbelieves you?' urged the engineer. 'The whole story will seem impossible—a mere fiction. Dubois is rich, which goes a great way with landlords. What will you do then?'

"'Nay, it is what will *you* do then?' returned Kathleen, solemnly. 'You alone, in that case, must be our trust. You will not desert us, for you believe in a God. Have you no friends here—not your own messmates, but others—among the Marseille folks, I mean?'

"'I have acquaintances: we foreigners,' replied the young man, 'find it hard to make our way to people's hearts. But I know a dozen men, Frenchmen, who, if I told them what we know—what is going on in their own town here— But that would never do; they would breed a riot.'

"'What of that?' cried Kathleen, eagerly. 'Let them burn the town down, so that I save Miss Marguerite. Look you, there is a drinking-house just opposite to our hotel. Take them there, and treat them. *Here* is money—or I can bring you thrice as much.'

"'Put up your purse, my good girl,' returned the other; 'I am not wealthy, but I can afford to stand treat upon such an occasion. No true Marseillaise will refuse supper and brandy. Well, I give my entertainment at the wine-shop opposite. What then?'

"'Listen; I will show you the window; watch, and if you see my face at it, bring out your friends—to look at the moon, the state of the weather, or to smoke—no matter upon what pretence. Then if you see me wave my handkerchief—thus—tell them that in their native place, in Marseille, a young girl, their own countrywoman, is being plotted against by a wicked knave, who is carrying her off to sell her. Then let the landlord, since he has been deaf to us, hear *them*; let him look to his windows, his furniture. He will soon be won over to take our part, I warrant him. And oh, sir, if you happen in the turmoil to come across Dubois or Barbette—they're sure to be together—will you remember what villainy they intended, and what my poor mistress has suffered?'

"'Ay, that will I,' cried the young man with vehemence. 'I will strike once, and not lightly, for this Lily; and once, my good lass, for the shamrock of old Ireland, which is a very pretty flower too. The gendarmes will arrive to a certainty, and I shall be sent to prison; but what of that? By-the-by, why has it never struck you to inform *them*, in the first instance—to send for the police at once?'

"'Ah, no,' replied Kathleen gravely. 'The Palers are a bad lot entirely all the world over. Sure they're always for the rich people against us poor folks. They would let this Dubois slip through their fingers if he only greased their palms with enough golden ointment. And besides, if we applied to the Law, the whole matter must be made public, and if this can be avoided, so much the better. Miss Marguerite would die of shame. I have good hope, too, that there need not be a riot after all. This Dubois is a coward, or my name is not Kathleen Maloney.'

"'Very well, Kathleen; I am off to invite my friends to this entertainment, since there is no time to be lost. In half an hour you may count upon me to have collected a score of as hairbrained fellows as can be picked up in the port. Show your face, and it will draw them out of doors; wave your handkerchief, and then woe to the windows! "We will be revenged! Burn, kill, slay," as I read once in a stage-play belonging to my little sister Jane.'

"'O, sir, if you suffer for our sake, she will never forgive me, and I shall never forgive myself.'

"'You do not know my sister Jane,' replied Charles Perling simply, 'or you would know she would forgive anything. I am not sure about her countenancing a riot, indeed,' soliloquised he aloud, 'but I don't see any other way that promises better.' Then he looked at the steam-yacht, and shook his curly Saxon locks regretfully. 'I do not think I shall ever set foot upon *your* deck again, bonny bark. But no matter; *au revoir*, Kathleen.'

"'Sure, if it's a kiss you're asking for, you shall have it,' answered Miss Maloney with a little sob. 'And if I can remember your name, which I am but a bad hand at, you shall never be forgotten in my prayers, you broth of a boy.'

"The young engineer accompanied the girl to a hotel, and she pointed out to him the supper-room, which was still brilliantly illuminated.

"'My mistress is there yet,' said she, pointing to the shadow of a drooping head; 'therefore, one of these two will be the window at which I will stand.'

"Charles Perling, upon his part, secured an apartment at the cafe opposite, which commanded the desired view.

"Upon entering her hotel, Kathleen Maloney gave certain orders, as emanating from her master, which, although they must have evoked some surprise, were received with polite acquiescence. The servants of gentlemen travelling *en prince* are rarely disobeyed. Then going to the chamber of her mistress, she selected some articles of apparel, jewelry, and a bonnet and shawl, and placed them in a bundle on a table that stood on the landing at the top of the stairs. After concluding these arrangements, she entered the bed-chamber, occupied by her mistress, without the least hesitation or ceremony; but it was certainly a great relief to her to find her beloved Miss Marguerite sitting there alone.

"'They have gone out,' observed her mistress gravely, in answer to her look of inquiry, 'and, I think, to look for you. They seemed to be alarmed at your continued absence. You appear to have quite awakened Monsieur Barbette's interest, Kathleen,' added the poor girl, smiling sadly.

"'Troth, and I think I shall do that before I've done with him!' responded the other vehemently. 'They're just two worthless scoundrels, the pair of them. Ah, mavourneen! my lily! my beauty! What a snare has been spread for you, baited with glittering gold! Into what a pit of infamy has your own father been unconsciously hurrying you, in spite of yourself!'

"'Say nothing against my father, Kathleen,' replied Marguerite calmly; 'he did all for the best. You need not remind me of my degradation; it is sufficiently present to me every instant. I am a bond-slave—sold for gold.'

"'Yes; but not to this man, my child, but to some other. Your marriage has been a mere trap—a lie. You are a slave, indeed, if you once set foot in that vessel to-morrow morning. Monsieur Dubois is a—'

"'Is a what, woman?' asked the hissing tones of the secretary, who had entered in his usual noiseless fashion, and by another door.

"'A kidnapper!' exclaimed Kathleen boldly, stepping backward to the window. 'An emissary of a wicked prince—a disgrace to the name of man! Now I know why there has not been even a pretence of regard for this dear girl, and why you—*you* and the other villain never lose sight of one another. In an infamous partnership, you purchased her of her foolish though fond father.'

"Marguerite, speechless with anguish and terror, still made a gesture of dissent.

"'There!' cried the secretary in a tone of triumph, 'madame herself, you see, denies these absurd calumnies. What dreams, what inventions are these? Fortunately, here is Monsieur Dubois himself come to reassure her. Sir, your wife's attendant has, I believe, taken leave of her senses.'

"Certainly, to look at Kathleen, as she stood, with fiery eyes and crimson cheeks, denouncing her master and his friend, this did not seem an unlikely supposition. Marguerite gazed on her with yearning indeed, but with distrust—with a sort of affectionate pity. 'If she *be* mad,' said she, 'it is no wonder; and as for me, O Heaven! I would that I could be mad also!'

"'Nay, mistress, darling mistress, do not you turn from me, or mad indeed I shall go. I tell you these men are kidnappers. If I say false, let them send for the master of the hotel; let us hear what he has to say to wretches who—— Stand off, accursed thief, or I shall save the hangman trouble!'

"Dubois had made a step forward, as if to seize her, but she snatched up a knife from the supper-table, and he fell back before its shining point, with his lips as white as ashes.

"'It is quite impossible, madame,' stammered he, 'to pay any attention to this woman's ravings. What will the *maitre d'hotel*—a most respectable person, doubtless—think of us, who come here accompanied by such an attendant? She has been drinking at the cafe opposite.'

"The cafe opposite! How little he knew what hope he awakened by these words. They must be there by this time surely—some of them at least. She threw the sash up with one hand, still menacing Dubois with the knife in the other.

"'If you call aloud,' said the secretary, producing a small pistol from his breast-pocket—'if you utter a sound that can be heard in the street, the moment in which you do so will be your last.'

"'And do you think that *I* fear death like this trembling coward here?' replied Kathleen scornfully. 'It is for him and you, for whom hell gapes, to fear; but not for me. Look forth—back, on your lives!—not from this window, but the other. Do you see those men there?—ten, eleven, twelve—and there are more to come. They are there for a purpose. See how they look up this way! They know what is doing here; they have sworn to prevent it. If I do but move my hand, there will be such a riot here as shall be heard of far and wide, and for which your master himself will have to give account. *You* (she turned on Dubois like a tiger-cat whose young are threatened)—you poltroon, would you like to be torn asunder by a mob? Approach me or my mistress, either of you, by a single step, move a limb, a finger—be otherwise than as men turned into stone—and as sure as the stars are in heaven, it shall be so!'

"She leaned out of the window, still keeping her gaze upon her foes, and with a clear and distinct utterance exclaimed: 'We are coming down, friends—both of us, this instant. If we are not with you in two minutes, *come and fetch us*; you will know who have detained us.' Then seizing the terrified Marguerite by her cold bloodless hand, she led her swiftly from the room, and pausing only to take the bundle which she had placed on the landing, descended to the hall, and bidding the porter open the door, was in the street with her precious charge, shawled, and with her bonnet on, in less time than it takes to tell it.

"'The carriage waits, madame,' said he, 'according to orders.' And at the corner of the street stood the vehicle in question, with four horses, and the postilions in their saddles.

"Charles Perling was about to rush out from among his wondering companions, but Kathleen stopped him with her warning finger. It pointed towards the window of the room he had been so lately watching, and he understood her to mean that he should remain unrecognised by his foiled employers.

"'See that we are not followed,' cried she eagerly; 'that is all that is necessary. And may God bless you for your good deed this night!'

"The two girls entered the carriage, the whips cracked in a very *feu de joie*, and away whirled the wheels over the stones. The birds had escaped out of the snare of the fowler, though their tender hearts were palpitating yet with the extremity of their danger.

"The two travellers knew nothing of the time at which the trains started northward, so they pursued the road for several stages through the night, and in the early morning, at an intermediate station on the line, they took the train towards home—after what an experience of the world they had gained it.

"The Lily of Louvre died of a broken heart," observed the Principal sadly. "She could not bear the shame of the plot that had been laid for her, or (what is more likely) the degradation which she saw her father fall upon her account. We can easily imagine what was said by the vulgar and malicious, and how those who envied the count's apparent good fortune enjoyed the disgraceful failure of his hopes. He must have known, too, that his own ambition and desire of self-aggrandisement had brought this evil upon his house. If he had not made such a public boast of his daughter's beauty in Paris, the wicked scheme of Monsieur Dubois would never have been conceived. His days were embittered by self-reproach as well as by wounded pride; the home at Louvre was not the old home. The Lily languished and died, nor did the faithful Kathleen long survive her."

"And was no effort made, sir, to punish that pair of scoundrels?" exclaimed Frederick indignantly. "Was it shown that the Sultan had any complicity in the infamy?"

"I am afraid it was," returned the Principal gravely. "The count at least always affirmed that it was. The Turkish ambassador had himself spoken highly of Dubois to the proprietor of the Chateau Blanc, Louvre would have moved heaven and earth to gain redress—vengeance. He appealed to the king himself in the matter; but I know not what steps were taken. It was not thought politic that France and the Sublime Porte should have a quarrel at that time, I believe. At all events, the count cannot now hear the name of Louis Philippe mentioned without an execration; and he went into voluntary exile from his native country, disdaining, as he said, to live under such a truckling prince."

A COUNTRY girl one morning went
To market with a pig;
The little cur tail, not content,
Squealed out a merry jig.

A dandy, who was riding by,
Who wished to pass a joke,
"My dear, how comes your child to cry
When wrapped up in your cloak?"

The country girl quite quick replies,
"So bad a breeding had he,
That ever and anon he cries
Whene'er he sees his daddy."

☞ The highly polished surface of ornamental silver vessels is well known to occasion considerable trouble to the photographer, not only from the brilliant mass of light reflected, but from the number of irregular reflections from surrounding objects, the effect of which materially interferes with due rendering of the design. Some very unsatisfactory results of this kind being obtained by a photographer for a large firm at the West End, the manager of the artistic department, an Irish gentleman of great resources, exclaimed to the photographer,—"Why don't you put a piece of ice in the jug?" The question was solved in a moment. A piece of ice in the silver vessel would rapidly cool it, and cause it to condense vapors on its surface from the surrounding atmosphere. This would just sufficiently dim the excessive lustre to render a good photographic representation possible.

☞ According to a report to the Italian Government, the coral fisheries, which are a great resource for the poorer class, employ four hundred boats, manned by about four thousand men. The pay, board of the crew, &c., absorbs annually about 6,050,000 francs. About one hundred and sixty tons of coral are annually introduced into the kingdom of Italy.

☞ A Bombay paper having announced that "Messrs. Muncherjee Hormusjee Cama, Dadabhoy Hormusjee Cama, and Byramjee Hormusjee Cama, intend shortly to open a house in Philadelphia, in America, for the purpose of trade," the Boston Transcript observes that "the firm of the three brothers will undoubtedly receive a cordial, if not a 'prominent' welcome in the city of Brotherly Love."

☞ A surgeon in New York city examined 8,700 recruits for the army, of whom 4,538 were Americans, 1,694 Irish, 1,452 Germans, 315 English and Scotch, 125 French, and 545 belonging to twenty-six other nations. He made a strict examination to determine whether there was any foundation for the frequent affirmation of the English journals, that the physical man in America was deteriorating. The Americans in New York city were, of course, not above the average of Americans physically, yet his examination puts them ahead. In stature the American born ranked the highest, the English next, the Irish next, the Germans next, and the French last. In regard to their physical conformation, he divided the recruits into four classes, and found the American to possess the highest rate of prime physique. Of American born recruits, 47-5 per cent. had a prime physique, the Germans 40-75 per cent. and the Irish 35 per cent. He arrived at the conclusion that no race can show a larger proportion of osseous and muscular development; and he ascribes it not to the race, but to the diffused blessings of meat and drink.

☞ Not a bad story is now going the rounds of Paris. A small German baron had occasion, as it seems, to see Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort. The great financier was writing away for very life when Baron X. was announced. He did not even lift his eyes, but said, "Take a chair, sir." The baron, with true German touchiness about titles, said: "Sir, indeed! I think M. le Baron did not hear my name. I am a baron—the Baron X." "Ah!—a thousand pardons!" said the banker, still writing. "You are a baron. Take two chairs, then, if you will be so kind, and wait till I have finished this letter."

☞ VERY PROBABLE.—"Do you suppose you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons?'" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply. "I have *done* a great many landlords!"

☞ Sweet potatoes are so plenty in this city, that they can be bought for less than the white ones.

☞ Why is the man who will not bet on the coming election quite as bad as one who does? Because he is no better.

☞ The internal revenue taxes of the citizens of Brooklyn, N. Y., during the present year, amount to between four and five million dollars. One person returns an investment of half a million dollars in United States securities; and another pays six cents on a taxable income of two dollars.

The Turning of Skipper Ireson.

The author of "A Summer's Cruise on the Coast of New England," says:—

We rounded a glorious headland, which set off to great advantage the picturesque old town [of Marblehead,] with its quaint houses and rugged heights. As I sat on deck gazing at it, I repeated the lines which Whittier's ballad in the Atlantic Monthly have made familiar to the public:

"Skipper Flood Ireson, for his hard heart,
Was tarred and feathered and carried in a cart."

"I was in that scrape," said the old pilot, who overheard me.

"The deuce you were! Why, it happened long before you were born," said I, with an indistinct impression that the "scrape," as he called it, was a pre-Revolutionary affair.

"It happened fifty years ago, when I was eighteen years old, and I was one of them that dragged Ireson in his dory over to Salem, after he was tarred and feathered."

The old man proceeded to relate what he remembered of the transaction. Skipper Ireson, it will be recollected, barely passed a wreck on which were four or five men appealing to him to rescue them. He left them to perish, his townspeople of Marblehead thought, because he begrudged the cost of keeping them on board his vessel for even the short passage from Cape Cod to Cape Ann. The circumstances becoming known, the indignant Marbleheaders tarred and feathered him, put him in the boat of his own vessel, and dragged him as far as the entrance of Salem. There they were stopped by the selectmen of that town, who informed them that an enraged mob was waiting for them, with the intention of hanging Ireson. According to our pilot, upon hearing this the Marblehead mob turned back and took their victim home, *because they had been strictly charged by the selectmen of Marblehead to take care that he sustained no serious injury*—a circumstance which indicates a strange mixture of order and lawlessness in the proceeding.

The traditional story used by Whittier, that Ireson repeated, as he was carried along, the verses:

"I, Flood Ireson, for my hard heart,
Am tarred and feathered and carried in a cart,"

the pilot pronounced untrue. The verses were made afterward by the boys.

Ireson endured his punishment with fortitude, sitting like a statue and uttering not a word, except once; the weather being extremely cold he asked for some grog to warm him, when about half way on the road to Salem. His request was granted, and he made the rest of his unpleasant expedition in silence. He lived till within a few years, and was a commander of ships almost to the time of his death, the merchants favoring him because he was noted for successful voyages.

The Intuitions of the Soul.

In every soul is born some thought of God,
Of beauty, or of wisdom, power or love;
No one so grovelling on the earth has trod,
But sought on sun-bright wings to soar above.
For man in God's own image first was made,
And dimly in himself these thoughts beholds;
The same in nature too he sees displayed,
As she to him her glorious book unfolds.
Thus ever upward doth our being tend,
As we more clearly these great thoughts discern:
And ask of God His heavenly grace to lend,
That we as children all the truth may learn;
That in our souls unclouded and divine
The life, the light of man, may ever shine!

☞ The statistical returns which the Agricultural Department are now receiving from all sections of the country, show that the crops will turn out much better than has been anticipated. There will be an extraordinary large yield of potatoes.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour is dull and unsettled. Sales comprise 20,000 bbls, part to the trade, at $9,50@10 for common to good superfine, $9,75@10,50 for extras, $11@11,50 for extra family, and $11,75@12,25 ☞ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is selling at $6,75@7 ☞ bbl. Buckwheat Meal—Sales at $5,25@5,50 the 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales reach 48,000 bush Wheat at $2,15@2,35 for reds, the latter for Delaware, $2,30 for prime Pennsylvania, and $2,45@2,60 for white, including Kentucky at $2,50@2,60. Rye—Sales at $1,60@1,62 for Delaware and Pennsylvania. Corn—30,000 bushels found buyers at $1,05@1,09 for yellow. Oats—Sales 35,000 bushels at 58@59c for Southern and Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market is quiet but firm at $43@44 for Mess Pork, and $15 to 20 ☞ bbl for Western and city packed Mess Beef. Bacon; sales at 22@26c for plain and fancy Hams, 21@22c for Shoulders, and 20@22c for Sides. Green Meats; Shoulders in salt are held at 20c. Lard is held at 22@23c for bbls and tcs, and 24c for kegs, with small sales. Butter is selling for packed and roll at 30@40c, and choice lots at 45@50c; Goshen is worth 48@50c. Cheese at 18@21c. Eggs are selling at 30@32c ☞ dozen.

COTTON—A few small lots have been disposed of at $1,10@1,25 for middlings, cash.

BARK—Sales 75 hhds 1st No. 1 at $42.

BEESWAX is held at 70c ☞ lb.

COAL—There is very little disposition to operate at the rates now current, which range at from $8,50 to 9,50 ☞ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—Sales 1,200 bags, in small lots, at 27@40c for Rio, 27@30c for Laguayra, and 33@36c for St Domingo.

FEATHERS are selling at 80@85c ☞ lb, the latter for prime western.

FRUIT—We note sales of Green Apples at $3@4, and Cranberries at $13@14 ☞ bbl. Dried Fruit comes in slowly. Apples are selling at 9@11c, and unpared Peaches at 17@22c for quarters and halves, and new fruit scarce. Pared are held at 30c ☞ lb.

HAY continues firm, and baled is in good demand at $25,30 ☞ ton. Loose Hay commands 160@170c the 100 lbs.

HOPS meet with slow sale at 45@55c for new, and 30@35c ☞ lb for old, as in quality.

IRON—There is very little demand for Pig Metal; sales at $55@58 for the three numbers of Anthracite.

LUMBER—The market is dull and unsettled. White Pine Boards sell at $28@32; Yellow Pine do $30@35; Lehigh Hemlock do $20@22, and White Pine Shingles at $20@30 ☞ M. Laths are selling from the yards at $2,75 ☞ M.

MOLASSES—Sales of 150 bbls Syrup at 38c, and 216 bbls New Orleans sold by auction at from 68½ to 118c ☞ gal, cash.

PLASTER—Sales at $5,50@5,75 ☞ ton.

SEEDS—Sales Cloverseed at $8,50@8,75 ☞ bus. Timothy at $3@3,25, and Flaxseed at $3,25.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells slowly at about $2,25. Whiskey is unsettled at $1,75@1,76 for Penna and Western bbls, and $1,75@1,76 for drudge.

SUGARS are firm but inactive; sales 400 hhds Cuba at 17½@18c.

WOOL—There is not much doing, but sales of about 100,000 lbs are reported, mostly in small lots, at 50@55c for fine and medium fleece, and tub at $1,05@1,10. Yarns are selling at $1,05 ☞ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2800 head. The prices realized from $20 to 22 ☞ 100 lbs. 1300 Hogs at from $17,50 to 18,00 ☞ 100 lbs. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 7 to 8½ cts ☞ lb. 160 Cows brought from $30 to 60 ☞ head.

Trickery in Trade.

No man more thoroughly despised dishonesty, than old Mr. Lee, the elder, who was the Mayor of New York, and he used to remark, that "no trade can be sound that is not beneficial to both parties; to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than it is worth, but the very effect of such operations must recoil on him, in the shape of bad debts and lessened trade." A person with whom he had some transactions once boasted to him that he had on one occasion obtained an advantage over such a neighbor, and upon another occasion over an other neighbor. "Such trickery," he added, "will have obtained you over you."

"Well," said Mr. Lee, "that may be; but if you promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of gold-skins."

The man made the promise and took them. Fifteen years afterwards he walked into Mr. Lee's office. At the instant, on seeing him, he exclaimed,

"You have violated your oath; pay me for the gold-skins!"

"Oh!" said the man, "I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I cost you."

"Yes," replied Mr. Lee, "and you will always be poor; that admirable desire of overreaching others must ever keep you so."

PURCHASERS may rely upon getting the best *Furs* at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

WE ARE NOW IN THE HABIT OF CALLING our readers, but desire to call the attention of the diseased to the advertisement of Dr. BROWN, in this morning's paper. We are well acquainted with hundreds of local cases, and innumerable individuals of this city, who, after all other medical treatment had failed, were speedily and permanently cured at No. 1200 Walnut street, by a few applications of Electricity according to this theory. We speak of their cures with no hesitation or pecuniary interest, but for the benefit of suffering humanity. There is no confusion, no guess-work, no matter of doubt in their treatment. They proceed on fixed, settled rules and according to laws which are immutable and indubitable. We look forward with the greatest anxiety to that day when Prof. BOLLES' great discovery shall be thoroughly known by medical men of all the schools. Then, and not till then, will there be a correct system of healing the sick by one grand, great and infallible power —*Electricity.—Inquirer.*

GENTLEMEN'S HATS.—All the latest styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY.—Whoever is troubled with Hoarseness, Cough, or Soreness of the Throat, can apply an excellent and safe remedy by using BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. We have tried the article, and can safely recommend them in all cases of Throat Irritation. To Singers and Public Speakers they are of great value.—*Alton (Ill.) Courier.*

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS.—All styles at CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS, Continental Hotel.

ATTENTION CONSUMPTIVES!—Volunteers, who expect to retain their health unimpaired during the campaign, must see to it themselves; do not trust to the Army Surgeons; supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Every English soldier's knapsack contains them. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines; my hand becomes they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1.00 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS.
The largest and best stock in the city, at
CHARLES OAKFORD & SONS,
Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. oct29-12t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

By Friends' ceremony, at the residence of the bride's father, 10th mo. 26th, JOHN W. JACKSON, to EMMA F., daughter of Thos. Hallowell.

At St. Ames' Church, near Middletown, Del., on Thursday, the 20th instant, by the Rev. Robt. Lloyd Goldsborough, JOHN J. LOCKWOOD, of Cecil county, Md., to HANNAH S., daughter of Thos. S. and Sarah Moritt, of Middletown, Del.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. T. Walden, EDGAR L. THOMPSON, to HATTIE B., daughter of J. Wright, Esq.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Mr. WILLIAM C. WHEELER, of Philada., to Miss ELMINA A., daughter of John Kook, Sr., of Chester Valley, Pa.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM S. STANROOD, to Miss MAGGIE C. KUSHNOWN, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. GEORGE W. WEBER, to Miss LINZIE KUNKEL, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., JOHN EVANS, Esq., to Mrs. MARY PLANT, both of this city.

On the 13th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Barnes, Mr. JAMES CLARK, of Holmesburg, Pa., to Miss LILLIE J. DAVISON, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence, in this city, DAVID BELL BIRNEY, Major-General U. S. Volunteers, aged 39 years.

On the 17th instant, ANN B. COLEMAN, in her 92d year.

On the 19th instant, THOMAS G. HOLLINGSWORTH, in his 74th year.

On the 17th instant, MARY L. MILLER, wife of W. G. Miller, aged 35 years.

On the 16th instant, Mr. WILLIAM OSBORNE, in his 84th year.

On the 18th instant, MARIA, daughter of the late Geo. and Mary Headman, aged 44 years.

On the 16th instant, WILLIAM CURTIS, in his 80th year.

On the 16th instant, BALTIS WHITEMAN, in his 73d year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH CALLYN, in her 73d year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. JAMES E. GRAY, in his 30th year.

EYRE & LANDELL OFFER WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
Best show of MERINOES in town.
Best show of POPLINS in town.
Best show of SILKS in town.
Best show of SHAWLS in town.
Best show of CLOAKS in town. mar12-1y

New Work on Thorough Bass.

A New Manual of Thorough Bass, and Text Book of Musical Theory. By Edward B. Oliver, Principal of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, Boston. This volume embodies the principal ideas contained in the elaborate works of French, German and Italian Masters of Music, disencumbered of obscurities of expression, and made plain to the understandings of all grades of students. For beginners, and even for advanced scholars as a book of reference, it will be found invaluable. Price, Cloth 67; Boards 50. OLIVER DITSON & Co.,
oct29-4t Publishers, Boston.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM,
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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,
No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with unlimited guarantee, at the following reduced rates of prices:

No. 3 Machine, with
White Table, $45
Half Case, Finished, Gilt Walnut, 55
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 65

No. 2 Machine, with
Polished Table, $65
Half Case, Finished, Gilt Walnut, 75
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawer, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100

No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $75
Half Case, Gilt Walnut, 90
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawer, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110

THREE, CASES.

Every Machine Sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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To those who wish to acquire a practical Business Education, unequalled advantages are offered at

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This institution, since its establishment in 1846, has steadily increased in the number of its students and in facilities for imparting business knowledge. Within the past year over five hundred students have been in attendance, the largest number ever known by any similar institution in this city or state. Its reputation for superior instruction extends over the whole country, and the knowledge gained here has already proved a fortune to many a young man.

The residence with which its graduates obtain lucrative situations, and the large number of applications made to the College for them, attest the appreciation in which it is held by the business community.

The College occupies the whole upper portion of the three stories of the large double building of the N. E. corner of Chestnut and Seventh streets, which is well lighted and fitted up in a style of elegance and convenience which is unsurpassed.

The Course of Instruction is of the most thorough and business-like character.

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in all its departments and applications, is taught just as it is practiced by the most skillful and practical accountants. Each student is instructed separately, and opens, writes out and closes several sets of books adapted to the various branches of trade; makes out in proper form the different papers used in business, such as Promissory Notes, Receipts, Account Currents, Account Sales, Business Letters, Balance Sheets, &c., and is instructed in the large variety of transactions and customs of business life.

PENMANSHIP

receives especial attention, and is taught by a Penman who has few if any equals.

COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC,

including Interest, Profit and Loss, Averaging Accounts, Exchange, &c., is taught in the shortest and most approved methods.

COMMERCIAL LAW, MATHEMATICS AND DETECTING COUNTERFEIT NOTES,

are among the branches taught.

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has been opened and is in charge of one of the best practical and experienced operators, and every facility is offered for acquiring full knowledge of all the minutiæ of the profession. A separate department has been opened for Ladies.

As instruction is given to each student separately, persons who wish to enter for instruction in any particular branch can do so.

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to strangers in procuring suitable boarding places. Board may be obtained at from $3 to $5 per week.

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A Pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of Doctor or medicine. Sent by mail free on receipt of 10 cts.
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Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 Cents. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
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AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 13 White St., New York. oct8-3m

U.S. 7-30 Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, principal and interest to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity into six per cent. gold bearing bonds payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from that date, in the denominations named above. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, and $5,000, and all subscriptions must be for sixty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

For the seven-three interest from August 15, payable semi-annually, subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of delivery.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THE LOAN.

Both of Principal and Interest are exempt from all taxation, Federal and State, and also from all taxation by any city, town, county or municipality within the United States, except the usual succession and transfer taxes.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes they have yielded the privilege of conversion in new twenty-year five per cent. gold bonds, or the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than nine per cent. premium, and before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was ever twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rates, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

The Subscription Good Under Our Authority.

TAXATION.

Not only from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation. On the average, this exemption is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

Up to the 20th of September, the subscriptions to this loan amounted to over

$40,000,000.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Treasurer of the United States, at Washington, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by all National Banks which are depositaries of public money, and

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will give further information and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

oct8-4t

ESTEY'S COTTAGE ORGANS

Are not only unequalled, but they are positively unequalled by any reed instrument in the country for SWEETNESS of TONE, POWER and DURABILITY. For sale only by E. M. BRUCE,
No. 15 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

Also, constantly on hand, a complete assortment of the PERFECT MELODEON. PIANOS from the best manufactories in the country. Also, SHEET MUSIC. jel5-1y

PINE APPLE CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED MEDICAL PINE APPLE CIDER
is a Preventive of Sickness.

The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last twenty-five years, convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes, old and young. It is not new to the Doctor but is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person one year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless, it will save millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay two dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows:—Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr Talbot that he gained ten pounds of flesh in one month, at the first trial. He continues its use, as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire preventive to sickness in his case. Also, another well known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

Price $2 *per bottle* (full quart). *For sale everywhere.*

All orders should be addressed to
B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
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HENRY C. KELLOGG,
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The Freaks of a Millionaire.

William Beckford, one of the most remarkable men of modern times, was the only son of Alderman Beckford, of London, who died when his son was only ten years of age, bequeathing him West Indian and other property which yielded him an income equal to half a million dollars a year. Young Beckford's moral powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them, by a refined education. Mr William Chatham bestowed him in architecture, while the great Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the honors of a peiron, and possessions in ready money to the amount of a million dollars in ready money to the amount of a million sterling (five million of dollars), he launched upon the world. The great talent of pourtraying human happiness was placed within his reach; but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal, there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth there was the creation of a gorgeous palace. During his residence in Portugal, he visited, under the royal sanction, the wildest and luxurious monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the caravans of an Eastern prince than the tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience or relaxation, was carried in our train—nothing to be left behind but care and sorrow."

"The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery," he adds, "was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture, the tables decked with superb ewers and basins of chased silver."

The kitchen in which the dinner was prepared, is thus described—

"A stream of water flowed through it, from which were formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other side were vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stoves extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, finer than snow, blocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance."

The dinner which followed these preparations was served in a magnificent saloon, covered with pictures and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver.

"The banquet," he adds, "consisted of varieties and delicacies of every season from different countries."

Confectionery and fruit awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Coagligreo, containing the rarest and most fragrant species, were handed around. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this journey. Returning at the commencement of the present century to his native country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of $1,400,000, he ordered it to be pulled down. He resolved that Phœnix-like, there should arise from its ruins, a building which should surpass all that had hitherto been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the west of England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected, solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected in the manner and spirit of those who once raised a similar structure, on the plains of Shinar: "Go to, let us build a tower whose top shall reach unto heaven; and let us make a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, four hundred and sixty men were employed both night and day during the entire winter, the torches used by the nocturnal workman being visible to the astonished traveller at miles distant. Beckford's principal enjoyment was in watching the erection of this structure. At midnight he would repair to some elevated part of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare in the surrounding wood. The building was indeed Beckford's idol—the object for which he lived. He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realize the most fascinating visions of a vain imagination. The tower was finally erected, but as might have been expected, the mortar and cement had no time to set properly, ere a violent gale of wind brought the vast structure to the ground. Merely remarking that he should have been glad to witness the fall of such a mass of materials, he gave orders for the erection of another tower two hundred and seventy-six feet in height; this also fell to the ground in 1825.

After the completion of the Abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall nearly two miles in circumference, surrounded his mansion, and within this scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwell alone, shunning converse with the whole world. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as peddlers, in the hope of catching a glimpse at its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of the curiosity. All that art and wealth could give to produce effect was there. "Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks around him at the cabinets, candelabras and ornaments which decorate the room, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vases of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford at Fonthill. With an income of more than £100,000 per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune. Who would have ventured to style all this prosperity evanescent as the mirage. A sudden depreciation of West India property took place. Some lawsuits terminated unfavorably, embarrassments poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense was sold. The greatest part of its costly treasures were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer; and Beckford driven, with the shattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age in a watering-place; there to meditate on the instability of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of magnificent talents can give; and to point the oft-told moral of the vanity of human affairs.

A RAT'S SHOOTING.

FARMER (to Chickmouse who has kicked up a rabbit).—"Now for it, sir!"
CHICKMOUSE (who finds he can't get over his horror of firearms).—"Well—fact is—I'd rather you'd— Look 'ere, you hold the gun, and I'll pull the thingummy!"

He fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost, fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner. Thus melted away, like frost work before the sun, the extravagant productions of a man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care, and in the end he discovered he had been cheated by the mirage. Though Beckford's princely lavishness caused him to be talked about all over the world, his true claim to remembrance rests upon his talents as an author, and his genius as displayed in the wild and singular Oriental tale of "Vathek," which is so splendid in description, so true in Eastern costume, that Lord Byron considered it difficult to credit that it was written by a European, and said, "Even Dr. Johnson's Rasselas must bow before it." Mr. Beckford was the author of numerous other works. He died in the year 1844, aged eighty-four years, leaving two daughters, one of whom is the present Duchess of Hamilton. His wife was Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Aboyne.

Don't Squeeze.

While we are growing very sensible, indeed, in the matter of dress as far as boots, Balmoral skirts, warm stockings, and high necks, we are degenerating in some other matters quite as important. The corset is now a necessary part of a woman's wardrobe, and, alas! when a woman does begin to wear corsets, she will wear them too small, and will tug at the lacing until her breath becomes short, and she feels it necessary to refrain from anything like a comfortable meal. We say nothing against a well-shaped corset worn loose, but there lies the difficulty. A loose corset injures the appearance of the figure instead of improving it, and people wear corsets that they may have small waists. All we can say is, don't squeeze, whatever you do; you may have small waists, but you are exposing yourself to a dozen misfortunes which are as bad as a large waist. First, you'll surely have dyspepsia, and grow yellow, and cross, and unhappy; secondly, your hands will grow red; thirdly, your nose; fourthly, you will be unable to walk a mile at once; fifthly, dinner will be a misery; sixthly, your shoulder blades will increase in size and altitude; seventhly, your eyes will grow weak; eighthly, you will break down at thirty or thereabouts, and be a sickly old woman from that time forth. If these truths do not frighten women from tight corsets, perhaps the information that gentlemen generally do not admire what dressmakers call a "pretty figure" so much as a natural one, may have some influence.

WIT AND HUMOR.

ABSTRACTED GENT.—"Old Bumblebee" was the cognomen of Mr. T———, of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumblebee, one day, as he was shingling his barn, and, in attempting to destroy the insect with his hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the old codger, on the same barn. In one of his abstractions, he shingled over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set in a wooden pane, as being economical and not likely to be broken! Uncle T———, in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up, that he had to call for help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets with his hands about three feet asunder, hold before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him!

HOW HE DID IT.—A committee called on a flourishing tradesman to solicit a subscription for the support of a clergyman.

"Can't do it, gentlemen," was the reply; "I gave five dollars to the Rev. Mr. P———, yesterday."

After much persuasion, however, they succeeded in getting him to put down a like amount for the Rev. Mr. R———, and departed with thanks; but a minute afterwards he was overheard giving the following directions to an assistant:—

"Draw off five dollars' worth of liquor and fill with water. Take it out of the row of casks next to those that you watered yesterday for the Rev. Mr. P———."

☞ "They're always giving things different resemblances from what they used to have," said Mrs. Partington to Ike. "In my opinion what they call the new reign, is consumption to old rheumatis."

Thunder In February.

Meeting an old friend from West Newbury the other day, he reminded us of an affair that happened there some years since, over which we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh together. A gentleman residing in West Newbury, having pilfered a good many sticks from his woodpile, his suspicions fell upon a well-to-do but miserly neighbor of his, whom he thought capable of the act. He resolved, accordingly, to resort to the old expedient of placing a heavy log in a tempting position, having first well charged it with gunpowder, not only in the centre, but in several minor crevices. Sure enough, the stick disappeared, and one looking very much like it "might have been seen," as James says, on the suspected gentleman's hearth on the evening Sunday. Before it, in a huge tin kitchen, a turkey was browning itself into a climax. All of a sudden, a thundering explosion was heard, the tin kitchen was blown into a thousand atoms, the dismembered turkey flew through the atmosphere, and the old tom cat disappeared up the chimney. The old gentleman and his maiden sister were horribly "skeert," but not materially injured, and the former was the first to win his voice.

"Sister," said he, "that ere was the loudest thunder I ever heard in February."

The next day, the plotter of the mischief sent a tin peddler to the depositor's house.

"Want any tin ware?" said the Yankee.

"No, no!" said the old gentleman, testily.

"Why, yes you do," rejoined the peddler; "your memory must be dreadful short. Most all your neighbors say as how you want a *tin kitchen*."

A pair of tongs flew through the air, but the tin peddler dodged and made "tracks." Looking in the window, he exclaimed,

"Better hev it, now; it's a fust rate article—warrant it to stand most any climate, and all sorts of weather, from airthquakes down to thunder!"

TABLE ETIQUETTE.—In the town of W———, Oneida county, New York, resides a wealthy but ignorant and eccentric farmer, named Wilcox. Mr. Billings, from the neighboring city of Utica, called to see him one day on business, and was invited to stay to dinner. The substantial portion of the meal having been discussed, a piece of pie was placed before each person at the table. Taking his fork in hand, Mr. B. essayed to eat according to etiquette, but his proceedings soon attracted the attention of the host, who was industriously shoveling up the contents of his own plate with a knife. "Mary!" shouted the hospitable farmer, "why don't you bring Mr. Billings a knife? Here he is a pokin' away, a tryin' to eat his pie with a fork!" And, by the way, if it was a two-pronged steel fork (as is probable) he had a difficult undertaking.

PAIN AND PATIENCE.—A Mr. Paine was the teacher of a singing school, and a Miss Patience one of the pupils. In the course of the evening the teacher gave out the tune set to the words,

"Come, gentle *patience*, smile on *pain*."

The pupils were so excited by laughter that it was found impossible to sing the line. Soon the teacher gave out another, in which were the following lines:

"Oh, give me tears for others' woes,
And *patience* for my own."

The risibilities of the school were so affected that all singing was deferred until another occasion.

☞ "Julius," said one contraband to another, "is you better dis mornin'?" "No, I was better yesterday, but I'se got ober dat."

☞ An inveterate old bachelor says ships are called "she" because they always keep a man on the lookout.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Truth Rightly Spoken.

Mr. John Johnston, the celebrated Geneva farmer of Western New York, in a letter addressed to Col. B. P. Johnson, Secretary of the New York State Agricultural Society, and published in the Monthly Journal of the Society, lays down some cutting facts, in brief, which we presume no farmer will deny, and we hope all will apply whose shortcomings bring them within the pale of the implied reproof:—

"I notice that those farmers who have most difficulty to make ends meet, always plough most, and keep most stock. Now these men take the true plan to keep themselves always poor, because their crops and stock are always poor and being little. It is a good profit to raise 200 bushels of wheat from ten acres, but when it takes thirty to raise that amount, it is valued at a loss; and the cattle that eleven, I feel sure, can fatten three fine steers, but when it takes twelve to make